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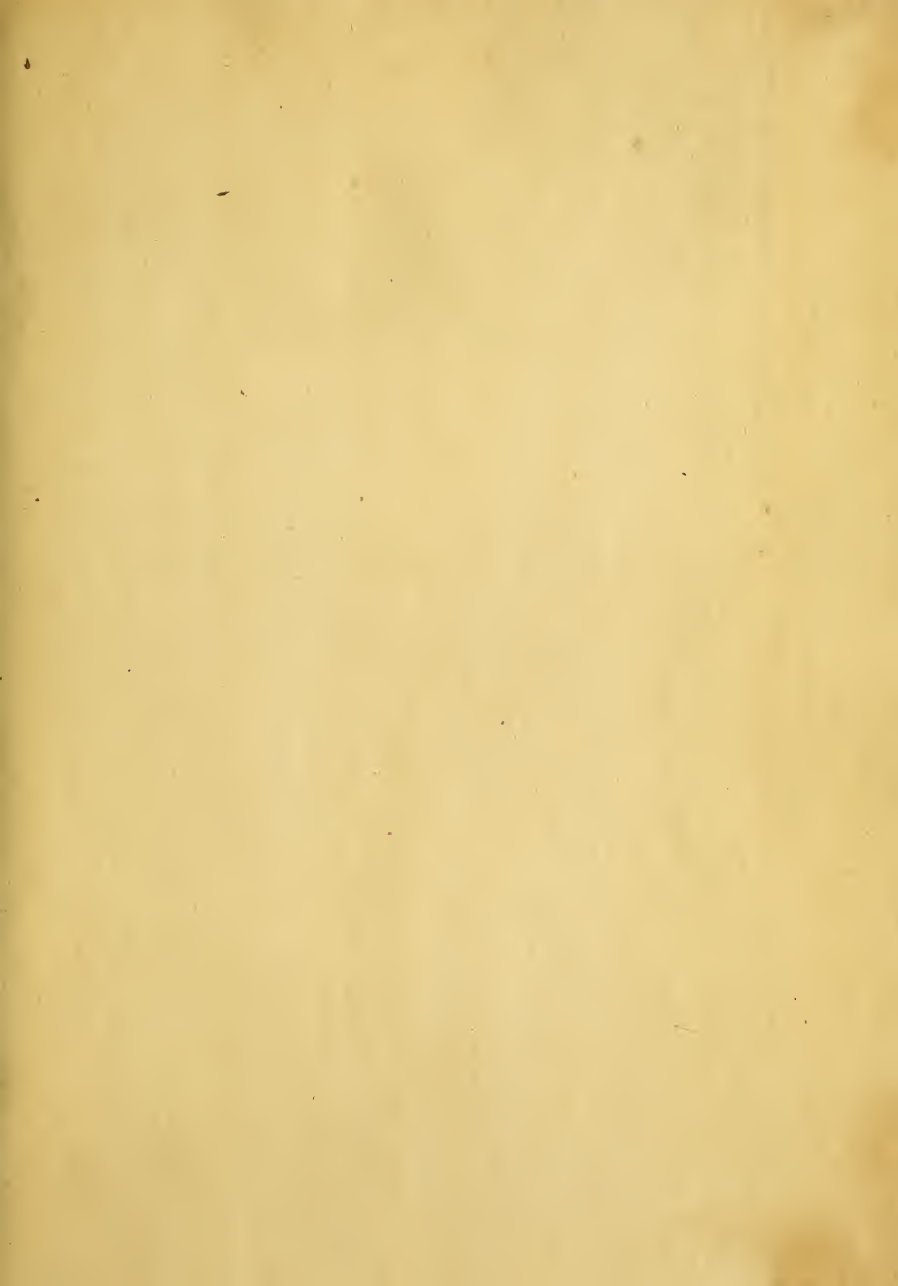


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

**Boston Public Library.**

*Received, May, 1873.*

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"Love in its Extasy; or, The Large  
Prerogative. Dramatic Pastoral, by  
Wm. Rogers. 4to. 1649. This piece was  
composed by the Author when a Student  
at Eton, being then not seventeen years  
of age, but was never acted, and not  
printed till many years after. See  
Lely, &c. &c." Biogr. Dram., II. 388.



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# LOVE

In it's

## EXTASIE:

O R,

### The large Prerogative.

A kind of Royall Pastorall written long  
since, by a Gentleman, Student at  
*Æton*, and now published.

*Multitudine Amicarum est salus.*

*By William Dears.*

---



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L O N D O N,

Printed by *W. Wilfon* for *Mercy Meighen, Gabriell Bedell,*  
and *Thomas Collins*, and are to be sold at their shop  
at Middle Temple gate. 1 6 4 9.

149,554

May, 1873.



## To the Reader.

READER,



He torrent of the Presse that now sweepes All, amongst other Pamphlets has laid this before you. Did the Stage enjoy its former lustre, this would have lien still neglected and forgotten: but since those pastimes are denied us wherein we saw the soule and genius of all the world lye contracted in the litle compasse of an English Theatre, I have thought fit amidst a number of more serious pieces to venture this in publike. You may be confident there lyes no Treason in it nor State invective, (The common issues of this pregnant age) It is inoffensive all, soft as the milkie dayes it was written in, for although it appeares now so late before you like a winter blossome in the middle of a boysterous and ill-boding season, yet this Interlude was long since the early recreation of a Gentleman not fully Seventeene, and those times admitted but of small distempers, or those yeares but little judgement to discern them. Were all mens Religion come up to the height once of a Drammatick Poem, We should not feare that Stage where Virtue ever finds Reward, and Vice, Repentance. or a punishment.



# *The Scene Lelybaeus.*

## *The Persons.*

*Charastus*, King of *Lelybaeus*  
*Brabantas*, King of *Pachynus*  
*Sperazus*, King of *Pelorus*  
*Virtusius*, Sonne to *Brabantas* enamoured of *Thesbia*  
*Fidelio*, Sonne to *Sperazus* betrothed to *Constantina*  
*Bermudo*, A noble man of *Lelybaeus*  
*Halisidus*, An old commander  
*Arontas*, The Captaine of the Citadell  
*Spadatus*, A Courtier.  
*Iayler*  
*Messenger*  
*Attendants*  
*Guard.*

*Constantina*, Sister to *Virtusius*  
*Thesbia*, Sister to *Fidelio*  
*Desdonella*, Sister to *Charastus*  
*Flavanda*, Sister to *Bermudo*.  
*Eccho.*



# Love in it's Extasie.

*Aetus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Arontas and Spadatus.*

*Spa.* Our feares are vaine *Arontas.*  
*Aron.* I wish to heavens they would  
 not prove  
 True Omens to the King-  
 dome.

*Spa.* Can you suppose the King, whose pow-  
 erfull nod  
 Can force a thousand Virgins, to become  
 their owne bawdes,  
 And prostitue themselves unto his loose em-  
 braces,  
 Will for one coy girle resigne that gift  
 Onely in which the Gods can truely boast  
 their liberty?

*Eye Arontas*, think not so poorly of your  
 Sovereign;

He is a Man, and therefore has Ambition.

*Aron.* So has he Love.

*Sapd.* But can that Love,  
 That weaker fancy of an idle braine,  
 Make *Charastus* yeeld, unto a composition,  
 so absurd?

As for to grant a Kingdome for a conquest.

*Aron* 'Tis to be feard; The obdurate  
 Girle

Perfists still in her enterprife: nor will shee  
 yeeld

The fortresse of her Love without the resig-  
 nation

Of his Diadem unto her Brother a man

Ambitious as the Devill.

*Spa.* Hear reason.

*Aron.* 'Tis not her will alone,  
 The womans cheifest argument, that denyes  
 him,

But her weighty reasons, with which she still  
 convinces

All that dare venture opposition.

*Spa.* Is not the Kings prerogative an ar-  
 gument

Beyond weake womans will? The wise men  
 say,

Kings ought to force when subjects wo'nt o-  
 bey.

*Aron.* Love cannot fir be forc'd;

It is a spirit thinner than Ayr, which when  
 With boysterous hands we strive to capti-  
 vate

Doth vanish into nothing.

*Spa.* But should the King, in this his  
 height of dotage,

Offer up his crowne, the Trophee of her  
 cruelty,

Think you his Subjects will e're give consent  
 That one should weare it, so generally hated  
 as *Bermudo*?

One fill'd with such variety of wickednesse,  
 As if the end of his creation was  
 Onely to shame his Maker.

*Aron.* Did he deserve a Worse character,



Yet when the Crowne, when that imperi-  
all Gem

Once triumphs on his brow, his Vices Sir  
Will turne to virtues: such is the fate of  
Princes.

Nor may we fir oppose his reign  
Since tis our King that wills it.  
Kings are the Gods immediate Substitutes,  
And their VVills are most divine, and holy  
statutes,

Which our Religion in so strict a manner  
Bindes us to observe, that should *Bermudo*,  
In that very instant, on which the Crowne  
Is plac'd upon his head, command our lives,  
'Twere more impiety to contradict,  
Than cruelty to obey.

*Spa.* Strange superstition!

*Aron.* It may seeme so to you, a stranger:  
for

Forraign Nations laugh at us, and call our  
zeale

A blinde obedience, their prouder hearts  
Can brooke no Kings, but like unruly steeds  
Contemn their Riders, and blow Rebellion,  
Witchcrafts Ape,

Even in the faces of their Sovereignes; good  
Gods!

Is this piety? is this Religion? shall He  
The principall of all subordinates, one by  
that Royall wreath

Distinguish'd from the common Chaos, and  
created Head?

Shall He be subject to the VVills of an  
Irregular Multitude that Knowes nothing  
of a States necessity?

The Sun- and slave that labours at the Oare  
Knowes not a life so servile then. But let 'um  
on,

And glory in their disobedience: we whose  
soules

Has stil been subject to those higher powers,  
Must allwayes think that man is cheifly blest,  
That suffers.

*Spa.* Be Happy then, I dare pronounce you  
Happy

If *Bermudo* reignes; Felicity with a venge-  
ance

Will flow unto you, till 'its hideous tor-  
rent

Has consum'd the Kingdome.

*Aron.* If 'tis our fate 'tis wellcome, 'twill  
onely prove

The greater Argument of our Allegiance:  
The Citadell, of which I am the unworthy  
Master

Must be kept strongly for him, till his Will,  
N or Tyranny disc laimes it.

*Spa.* No more: The Kings on entrance.

*Act. 1. Sce. 2.*

Loud Musick. Enter *Charastus*, *Flavanda*,  
*Bermudo*, *Halisdus*, *Spadatus*, *Arontas*,  
and *Attendants*.

*Cha.* Was't not a direfull Tempest that last  
night

(age  
Affrighted our Horizon? was ever yet your  
Acquainted with the like *Halisdus*?

*Hal.* Never my gracious Lord: yet I have  
feene

Many, that would have terrified the boldest:  
When our *Aetnean* Hill, spitted his fiery  
venome

Gainst the Heavens; when the affrighted  
Sun

For three dayes has withdrawn himself;  
yet these

Compar'd with this for horror,

Deserve not to be mentioned.

*Cha.* It was a dreadfull night indeed; yet  
fee

How gloriously the Sunne appeares: the  
Heavens

In labour were all night, & from their preg-  
nant womb

This morn a Sun springs forth, whose glo-  
rious beames

Frights back their pristine terrour.

*Hal.* Wer't not a sin too great and ir-  
religious

To mistrust the heavens diviner Mercy,  
I should conceive this ill-aboding night

Portendeth some ensuing misery.

*Cha.* Doe not *Halisdus* with thy miscon-  
struing fear

Strive to disturb our joyes: Thy sight *Fla-  
vanda*,

Like to *Auroras* Beames, darted from out the  
Eastern Hills,

Expells those drossie exhalations, which this  
too sad night

Insufed to my sadder soul.

*Fla.* Your highnesse has a privilege for  
flattery.

*Char.* Still



## The Large Prerogative.

*Char.* Still harping on that string *Flavanda?*

If for to speake what my inclining soul  
Prompts me to utter, and to conceive what  
I have said

Is but a derogation from thy worth, be Flattery,

I must confesse I am guilty of that fault,  
Which never King did act, unlesse upon  
himselfe.

*Fla.* Pardon my incredulity great Sir.

When I consider that the lofty Pines  
Stoop not to brambles, that your Soaring  
Hawkes

Bend not to lesfer Birds, except for prey:  
I must confesse

My virgin fear holds back those wandring  
thoughts

Which your Al-potent Majesty extracted  
Lest I should perish like a hasty Blossome  
Cropt by the setting winter.

*Cha.* Is yet my Loyalty in question?  
How oft have I with sacrilegious lipps  
Dissected all the Gods for Oathes, and must I  
still

Remain suspected of disloyalty? surely I  
have a conscience.

*Fla.* Yes, pure and more spotlesse than  
the wandering snow

Which the least breath of any calmer wind  
Blowes up and down: such a conscience,  
That had it not a burthen of Felicity  
I should court its Master.

*Cha.* Was ever yet Felicity a Burthen?

*Fla.* Yes, that which you vainly stile one:  
You doe suppose a Crown a brave and glo-  
rious

Trophee of felicity, which had you been  
without,

One poor commanding word had done  
that deed,

Which now your vain intreaties sue for.

You are my King Sir.

*Cha.* But tell me Dearest, how has my for-  
mer life

Deservd that title of your King: has my taxa-  
tions

Ever yet filld my oreflowing coffers?

Have I replenish'd once my appetite

Which the direfull noyse of any subjects cur-  
ses?

Our gentler reign abhorr'd those vices  
Which most Kings doe Boast in: And canst  
thou think

When I doe subjugate my self to thee,  
I shall become more ravenous than when  
I was

Sole Monarch?

*Fla.* I dare not question Sir that virtue  
which in you

All Princes can't admire enough, much  
more not imitate.

'Tis not the Tyrannick usage of a Scepter  
That confirm's a King; He that is truly  
Royall,

Rules not his kingdome with the severe  
And cruell Rigour of an austerer judgement,  
But with a mild severity, a virtue which  
you

Have practis'd long; I must confesse, you  
are adorn'd

With all the Ornaments that make a  
King

A second Deity; But can those glorious  
trappings,

Your Crown, your scepter, arm'd with that  
virtue too,

Can they all resist those blasts, which en-  
vious fame

Will hurl upon my honour?

*Cha.* What can the giddy multitude  
report

Against thy virtues? Thou art beyond  
their malice.

*Fla.* I were beyond then all that's  
good,

Beyond the heavens themselves, and the  
celestiall powers.

That Love that tends to a superior,  
Be it ne're so pure, is amongst them

But an ambitious Lust, sold for preferment.  
Should *Hymen* joyn our hands in a lawfull  
union

With our hearts, yet they would say,  
*Flavanda* does not give, but prostitutes her  
love

To satisfie her vaine Ambition: Thus I  
should ever

Rather bee thought your Strumpet, than  
your Wife.

*Cha.* Canst thou suspect me yet *Flavan-  
da?*

*Fla.* I

## Love in it's Extasie : or

*Fla.* I should suspect my selfe rather, for  
I know

Our sex are all like wary clouds  
Made various still by the reflecting Sun.  
Whilst that the Crowne, Great Sir,  
Impalls your Royall Brow, I cannot be your  
Wife

And to be your Whore, I dare not.

*Cha.* Infortunate condition of a King!  
when that

His chiefeſt Ornament becomes his greateſt  
punishment.

A Crowne, and Scepter are but transitory  
toyes,

That wait on bigg and pompous Misery.

Oh thou ambitious Man, whose soaring  
thoughts

Aime onely at a crown! knewſt thou

The inconvenience now of mine, thou  
then

Wouldſt wiſh, thou haſt reſted in ſecu-  
And nere had fought ſo vain a happineſſe.

*Fla.* If that your boasteſt conſtancy bee  
firm

As 'twere a ſinne to ſuſpect the contrary,

That our loves may not diminish from each  
others luſtre,

Invest my Brother in your dignity: So I a  
Princeſſe

May equall you a ſome-times King.

*Cha.* Muſt I reſigne, or periſh in felicity?  
Is this thy doome then ſtill irrevocable?

*Fla.* As Fate. (ſtay,

*Cha.* A ſad and diſmall ſentence! yet  
And ere I part with this ſame glorious  
gemme,

Let me recall the long loſt man within mee,  
And with him, Mans better part, my

Reason,

Reason! alas I have none

This triſtle woman has unmand my ſoule,

And made me like her ſelfe irrationall.

Reason would tell me that I am a King,

And in that name, ſomething there is

That whiſpers to my thoughts I may com-  
mand.

'Tis true, I may, o're things

Groſſe as my ſelf; This arme of mine can  
Cedars with the humbleſt ſhrubbs, and this

my voyce

Can with one accent, breath more certain

Fate

Than plague, or Fire. But can its loudeſt  
note

Silence one murmuring thought? or can this  
potent graſp

Incloſe heavens lighting, or the ſmalleſt  
beame

Which from the ſun is darted? Love is  
more pure

And leſſe ſubſtantiall, 'tis no created body,  
Form,

And Matter, but an etheriall eſſence, Fan-  
cyes creatures.

And to be Maſter of an immateriall Soule,

Who would reſuſe to ſacrifice that droſſe,

That clogges Mortality? He is a beaſt

That would not fall, to riſe a Conſtellation.

*Hal.* Yet, Sir, conſider what you give,

A Crowne, a Scepter, and a Kingdome.

*Cha.* Theſe are but titular Emblemes of  
felicity,

Viſions of Bliffe, Symptomes of Happineſſe.

What is there in a crowne, worthy our eſti-  
mation? (*He puts it on Flavandus head.*

Place it here in its moſt proper ſphere,

'Tis but a glorious triſle; looke now *Ha-  
liſtus*

With impartiall eyes, and tell me which  
caſts

The greater luſtre; thy ſilence does con-  
demne thee.

See, I kiſſe it, embrace it, and no virtuous  
heat

Payes a gratuity: One Kiſſe of hers

Makes me contemplate of a future happi-  
neſſe

That rapes me to an Extasie of pleaſure.

Dull, ſenceleſſe, and baſe ſtupid Earth,

Goe to the Center; My aery thoughts  
climbes Heaven,

And graſpeth now a Deity.

*Ber.* Beware a cloud *Ixiem*: if my plots  
hitt right,

It ſhall be twice as fatall.

*Char.* Yet ere *Bermudo*

I doe fully ceaſe, ere that my ſoul

Be quite diſmantled of that glorious robe

Which Fate ſo freely did allot mee,

Oh let theſe dewy drops, the trueſt

Harbingers

of a ſetting Sun, entreat thee

Not to bring my frailty to a cuſtome



Let not posteritie in succeeding times  
Account this folly lawfull, and traduce Me,  
Me the Originall; 'Twill vex me in my  
urn.

*Ber.* It shall not sir. I'll break the custome,  
And to show how much my soule's  
Obedient to your will, and that the world  
may see

That 'tis not pompe nor majesty affects me,  
I make a vow before just heavens, and you,  
That if ere my heart be conquer'd with a  
womans love,

Your Crown shall be restor'd.

*Cha.* Thou knowst not what thou vow'st  
*Bermudo.*

*Ber.* I doe my Lord, and know withall  
How strictly Religion bindes me to perfor-  
mance;

For should I dare to violate what I have  
vow'd,

It would call a curse upon me, high  
As the punishment Damnation payes to sin-  
ners :

I must then royall sir, & so must ye, my Lords,  
And Peeres of *Lelybaeus*, acknowledge him  
again

Your Sovereign, unlesse a doe a deed  
Which humane frailty names impossible,

*Cha.* Canst thou be so good *Bermudo*?

*Ber.* 'Tis not a Crowne great sir,  
With that same large Prerogative annex,  
Can make *Bermudo* be ingratefull ;  
You nourish'd my declining fortunes,  
And brought them to that height which  
now

They stand in, and should I like ungatefull  
plant

Consume the stemme that nourish'd me,  
Infamy would surely blast me.

*Cha.* Thus then I doe indulge thee  
All the prerogatives of Majestie.  
Goe and ascend my throne, and let all with  
one applause

Say after me, Long live *Bermudo* King of  
*Lelybaeus*.

*Trumpets and shouts within.*

*Omnes.* Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

*Omnes.* Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

*Omnes.* Long live *Bermudo* King of *Lely-  
baeus*.

*Ber.* I have it now, seated firm, beyond  
the power

Of Revocation : Thanks to the Heavens,  
And our diviner Policy. Long has this King-  
dome

Under the easie yoke of an effeminate  
King

Surfett'd with luxury, and been a Proverb  
For our neighbouring Princes to expresse  
lasciviousness :

The thought whereof did grate my heart,  
And stir'd a noble Anger in my blood.

Shame of all Kings, dishonor of thy race,

It was I that forc't my credulous sister

To make this tryall of thy constancy.

I made *Flavanda* to demand thy Crowne,  
onely

With a promise to restore it : But can you  
think

A Gemme so lost, will e're be found  
Before the extirpation of that seed  
Which thy effeminate government has sown  
In this too much abused Kingdome?

*Cha.* If that the thought of what I was

Can not procure some reverence,

Yet slight me not for what I may be,

When the conditions which you hold

Your Kingdome by are broken.

*Ber.* Condition? 'Tis true, I promis'd  
when e're

My heart was conquer'd with a womans love  
Your Crown should be restor'd.

*Fla.* That was not all : A vow

Was past to me, seal'd with an Oath,  
That when our Nuptials should be solem-  
niz'd

You would restore the Kingdome.

*Ber.* It is confess'd : nor dare I disobey it.  
Vowes of this nature may not be broken  
Without the violation of Religion.

*Cha.* Come dearest then, let Hymen call  
Rites

Restore a double happiness.

*Ber.* Stay rash man, hear our Decree first.  
Reade *Arontas*, and let thy voyce  
Strike terror to the Nation.

*Arontas* reads.

Whereas this fertile Kingdome, under  
the easie reign of our effeminate predeces-  
sor, has long surfett'd with a degenerate  
passion, which the weaker ones stile Love,  
the wiser Folly, to the high dishonor of the  
Nation

Nation, and great displeasure of that Virgin Goddess whose rites we ought to celebrate. That we may now therefore repair our lost honour, appease the wrath of that incens'd Deity, and avert those judgments which are now so imminent; We have thought fit to decree, and be it decreed by the most high, and excellent *Bermudo*, the Supreme Lord, and Ruler of this Nation, that for the space of seven years next ensuing, none shall presume to entertain that passion: If any one shall presumptuously, contrary to this our pleasure, be found so weak as to express it in the least of Circumstance, their lives to Heavens shall forfeit.

*Bermudo.*

*Ber.* You have heard our will *Charastus*, Presume not then to disobey it: 'Tis not the remembrance

Of your former greatness, or the Peoples love,

Can exempt you from the justice of our anger.

Couldst thou suppose, fond man, *Bermudo* Would restore a Crown for bare gratuity;  
No,

I did but pull away the bait, to make The hasty fish receive it with more eagerness,

Which now is caught, thanks to our Industry:

And that the captive may not flatter his imagination

With a hopes of a Recovery, Let our Decrees be publish'd.

*Exit Arentas.*

*Cha.* That fir you have a power to punish my credulity,

This knee, nere bent before to humane greatness, testifies,

Oh Royall fir! Let the severity of your Law stop here,

Here on my head let your anger fall:

Punish not my folly in your loyall Subjects, Guilty in nothing but obedience. If not for my sake,

For my sisters sake, for *Desdonellas* sake, Shee though a Princess lov'd you fir a Subject:

I saw it, and was silent, and surely, Had not I thought, you had suppos'd Ingratitude the worst of evils,

I neere had left my self so bare, Cloath'd onely with my shame and ruine.

*Ber.* If *Desdonella* harbours such a thought, She feeds the flame that will consume her: Nor she, nor any fir shall dare to doe, What is deni'd their Sovereigne:

*Cha.* Then thus proud man I rise, And boldly tell you, that though Religion Tyes our hands, yet there's a power above you,

Which neither custome nor Religion can controul,

He fir will punish to the height the deadly sin

Of an abus'd Authority: Remember it, and tremble.

*Fla.* Alas, fond mayd, to what a deluge of misfortune

Has this thy incredulity now brought thee? VWhat indigested heaps of misery has it thrown

On thy ore-charged soul? Yee sacred Powers

That guard distressed Innocence!

If that my brothers tyranny has not as yet Exiled ye this Nation, pitie my teares,

And since I needs must hate where I am forc'd to love

Learn me a loving hate: But can I hope The heavens will pity me in such a vale of wickedness?

No surely, I'll therefore to the woods, There harmeless Innocence wrapt in security,

Entombs faint envie, there vain Ambition Covets no other Crown but Roses, No Scepter

But a Sheephooke, these will I covet too.

Farewell *Bermudo*; and because once thou wert my brother,

In Heavens I wish thee.

*Ber.* And I thee in hell for wishing it.

*Fla.* Since that the Constellations yet do want

A fierce and cruell Tyger, I'll pray the Heavens

To place thee there, that when a Tyrant's born,

The world may say *Bermudo* gave the influence.

My ill-spent tears bids thee adue: Farewell all cruelly,



## The large Prerogative.

A VVolf and Lamb compar'd to us, for  
symp thy,

May well be stil'd the Zodiacks *Gemini*.

*Exit.*

*Cha.* Farewell thou perfect Modell of all  
goodness,

Haste to the shadie woods, there I will live,  
In contemplation of thy excellence :

Loves Theory shall be my study ; a Science  
Far beyond thy reach *Bermudo* ; thy grosser  
sence

Is ignorant of all loves, except of that  
VVhose baser flame knowes no commerce  
with purity,

That which insatiate lust perhaps has  
prompt thee too ;

Mine is a love superlatonick, a flame,  
VVhose bright continued Pyramide of splen-  
dour

Shall soare above thy duller reach *Bermudo*,  
And make thy faint ambition become more  
blinde

Than are thy thoughts that guide it.

*Ber.* VVhat curses mutterst to thy self?  
Are they 'gainst me, or 'gainst the destinies ?

*Cha.* Thou art not worthy of my curses,  
And to curse my stars were irreligious,  
For 'twas Love, not Fate

That made *Charastus* thus unfortunate.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* Farewell, a pair of Fondlins.

Is *Arontas* gon to publish our Decree ?

*Hall.* He is my Lord. Shall I recall him?

*Ber.* Stir not a foot to hinder our designs.

*Hall.* Oh good my Lord ! This is not  
the way

To keep you in your Kingdome long Sir.

*Ber.* VVhy ? Lives there a man so bold  
As to violate the Majesty of a King ?

*Hal.* It is a crime I must confess, that we  
*Scicilians*

Most abhor ; nor do I think there lives a man  
So irreligious : But by your leave,

He is no King that has no Subjects,

And if you take this course, what Subjects  
will remain ?

Consider sir, Love is the principall cause

That begets you Subjects, And if you take  
away

The Cause, the effect will follow.

*Ber.* Let not that trouble you sir.

Let us be your care joynd with *Arontas*

To send a Guard unto the utmost limits of  
our Kingdom

That bound upon the other Promontories  
With a Commission to let none pass :

If any of another Nation come within their  
reach,

Bring straight to our subjection ; which don  
Haste ye unto our Ports, burn there our ships ;

If that a man escapes, your heads shall pay  
his ranfome.

We long have surfeted with extremes, and  
now

Extremes shall cure this deadly malady,

Which Justice is *Halisdrus*, and not Ty-  
ranny.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. I. Sce. 3.*

*Enter Virtusius.*

*Vir.* Once more in spight of fortune, and  
the raging waves

Of a tumultuous Sea, does my unhappy foot  
Salute the Earth again. Did ever man

From all eternity behold a night so dismall  
Leave behinde no sad remembrance of its  
former horror ?

Here's not a stemm that's widdowed of his  
leaf,

No, nor one branch become

The hopeless issue of the Husbandman, but  
all

In a sweet tranquillity enjoy that happines  
Which Nature has allotted them : I am

The onely object of Heavens Tyranny,

Else had these senseless Plants

Perish'd this satall night, when both the Ar-  
tick,

And Antartick Poles, striving to kiss each o-  
ther,

Confounded Heaven, Earth, Sea, Hell, and All  
Into an indigested Chaos : yet in this dire

Confusion of the Elements, these stand un-  
tought :

Outbraving Fortunes Malice, whil'st wretch-  
ed I,

The heavens least part of care,

Was banded too and fro by the immerci-  
less winds

Uncertain of a rest, and had not the thought  
Of thee my *Thesbia*, ballanc'd my tottering

foul,

The insatiate bosome of the Ocean

Had been my wish't for grave.

*Enter*

*Enter Fidelio like a Shepheard.*

Sir, the fortune of the Sea having cast me,  
A sad and desolate man, upon the Confines  
Of an unknown Land, I must desire  
Your charitable disposition to declare  
Your Countreys name unto me.

*Fid.* Most willingly. Know sir you are  
cast

Upon a most unfortunate shore, *Lelybaus*  
Is the Countreys Name, one of the three  
Promontorian Kingdoms of famous *Scicily*.

*Vir.* Heavens, now I see ye are not altoget-  
her cruell :

This is the happy Countrey that my voyage  
aim'd at.

*Fid.* Call it not happy sir, for tis the most  
Infortunat'st habitation that ever man en-  
joy'd.

*Vir.* It seems not so by the outward Ap-  
pearance.

*Fid.* Oh no ! Nature has bedeck't it with  
the best

Of all her ornaments, nor could she, if she  
would

Create another world, frame any part  
To parallel with this.

*Vir.* What disastrous chance then

Has made it thus unfortunate ?

*Fid.* Pardon me if I refuse to tell you that,  
The relation whereof would draw tears  
From my ore-charged eyes. Let this Decree  
Inform you sir.

*He gives him a paper, and he reads.*

Heavens I thank ye : This curtesie  
Will make me dye ungratefull to your  
bounty.

Oh how my soul now gluts it self, to see his  
enemy

Thus offer'd as a sacrifice to his incensed Ire !  
Just anger seise me then, and *Constantina*,  
Let the thoughts of thy sad sufferings  
Inspire my soul with vengeance, arm my  
strength

With a Revenge as ample as the cause :

Yet Prince *Virusus* I'll not kill thee basely ;  
That were to mistrust my cause, which is as  
just

As heavens are innocent. Thou shalt not dye  
For to be damn'd in ignorance : No, I'll sam-  
mon

All thy faults, and thunder 'um to thy ears ;  
If then thy treachery has not exil'd thy va-  
lour,

Let thy sword plead thy innocence :

By which most noble pleading thou shalt dye  
Honor'd, by my Revenges charity.

*Vir.* Oh my unjust stars ! Why did ye  
stop

The Oceans mouth, denying me an entrance,  
Yet bring me here to be entomb'd

Alive upon the shore ? was it because I fear'd  
Your threatening waves, or that the louder  
windes

Strake terror to my affrighted Conscience ?

This cannot be :

For how oft in scorn has my undaunted sighs  
Ecchoed the blustering winds, and my full  
tide eyes

For fear of scarcity, how oft have they  
Replenish'd the waves, and nourish'd  
The decaying Billowes ? Yet must all this be  
The Prologue only to my ensuing Tragedy ?  
Oh cruell Pity ! Oh inhumane charity !

*Enter Charastus.*

*Fid.* Peace sir : The King;

*They Kneel.*

*Cha.* Why kneel ye unto me sirs ?

If I have not deserv'd your pity,  
I have not deserv'd your scorn I am sure.

*Fid.* The Heavens forbid, when ere I see  
Such Beames of Majesty, that I should pre-  
sume

To approach without that awfull adoration  
Which my Allegiance payes unto my Sove-  
raign.

*Cha.* 'Tis true, good Subjects ought to  
do so:

But when a Lyon's dead, the baser As  
Will come, and trample on him,  
And spurn that face, which when alive  
Was death to look on.

*Fid.* Such incivility becomes the Beasts ;  
But man whose purer soul  
Claimes something of divinity, can easily di-  
scern

That sacred Majesty which on Kings  
Hang like the Gods refin'd *Idam* : He cannot  
be

So foolishly impious, to think the Sun,  
Because oft times he does obscure himself  
Under the gloomy shade of some gross ex-  
halation,

That he never will again come to his pristine  
splendor.

How oft do we see those blazing Members



## The large Prerogative.

Of the Ayre, decline ? those fiery Comets,  
Which though compos'd of exhalations  
Cover the highest Region, where hurried  
With their vain imaginations for a while  
they reign,  
Contracting their own ruine that at length  
will come

As suddenly as fearfull ? Such will *Bermudo's*  
fall be,

And the higher he lifts his towring thought,  
The deadlier will his precipice become.

*Cha.* Canst thou perceive that Majestie  
which to Kings

Is still essentiall, and speak these words a-  
gainst

Thy lawfull Sovereign ? Surely thou art no  
*Scicilian.*

*Fid.* I am great sir, and yet dare say  
'Tis virtue makes a King : Majestie without  
that

Is a disjoynted structure that must fall,  
And come to ruine. 'Tis not a Crown alone  
That I adore, for should I dote on that,  
And slight the goodness which you are  
Master of,

I were worse than he, that fears the Idoll,  
Yet contemnes the Godhead : since then  
*Bermudo*

Wants the better part of King, a Royall  
soul,

I'll look on him, as on polluted incense,  
Sacred, though not holy ; And on you, as on  
An unfurnish'd Temple, pious, though not  
glorious.

Then pardon sir, if I prefer an undecent  
sanctity

Before a comely wickedness.

*Cha.* Couldst thou distinguish, I confess  
'twere just :

But since wise Nature has ordain'd  
Goodness essentiall to Supremacy, 'tis fit  
You serve and honour him.

*Fid.* And so I will: but it must be  
As Infidels do Devils, for fear, not love.  
Far be it from me sir to confine

Goodness to Greatness only, or suppose that  
man

Is solely Royall that's ambitious ;  
That were to thinke the Heavens an easie  
sponge,

From which the daring soul

Squeases his ends out : He rather fir is great  
That dares be good.

*Cha.* Then thou art great I swear ; ex-  
ceeding great :

Thou canst distinguish between good and  
good.

Had I had such an intellectuall soul  
To put a difference 'twixt those attributes  
That make a King compleat, the gildes  
flashes of his tongue

Would then have rendred him, as far con-  
temptible,

As now he is fatal. Come nearer to u  
Shepherd :

Nay ! flatter not a falling greatness ;  
To kneel unto an Altar that's defac't  
Smels more of Superstition than Devotion  
Arise, worthy our Armes,

And if thou needs will serve thy King  
In me his small Epitome, chide not his foll  
With this strickt observance ; to make him  
Master

Of those joyes, which he han't power to com-  
mand,

Is exprobation not affection.

*Vir.* Noble *Charastus* !

Thy miseries cannot outvie thy virtues,  
Nor can they suffer an ignoble act  
To derogate from fortunes Conquest,  
Though she has made thy sufferings  
Ample as her power. Wonder not, great  
Prince,

Who 'tis dares Comment on thy miseries,  
Since none can truly know a Kingdome  
loss,

But he that feels it.

*Cha.* If thou hast lost one then,  
And that experience stimulates this bold-  
ness,

I shall rejoyce in thy society : I oft have seen  
A feather'd Captive sadly in a cage  
Mourning in silence his determin'd free-  
dome,

But having got a partner of his sufferings, the  
silly Bird,

As if revived by anothers mischief,  
Has from his drouse taciturnity awak't,  
Chirping sweet *To Paans* to our ravish't ears,  
Untill his eyes became the sad oblation  
Of his fainting voyce.

*Vir.* Behold a partner then, One

that fortunes malice has in sundry shapes  
 as Cowards fears, or midnight apprehensions,  
 to appeall his courage, yet to him  
 those *Panick* horrors seem'd but painted fires  
 smother'd with the smallest drop of's resolution.

Behold a Prince equally distressed:  
 as if our sympatheticall disasters  
 had not created an instinct to know me,  
 I'll summe up your patience sir, and that will  
 tell you

that none can parallell its fortitude,  
 except *Pachynas* Prince, Infortunate *Virtus*.

*Cha.* Stay, and ere thou further speak'st  
 let me survey thee fully, for in thee is drawn  
 the just resemblance of my misery.  
 I'll call our former happiness! 'Tis rarely  
 limn'd;

Fortune, thou hadst eyes, thou nere couldst  
 copie me so truly else.

Oh Royall Prince, my woes sad character!  
 Let us incorporate, and be one,  
 One Monumentall Trophée of misfortune.  
 Dear witness oh thou sacred Register of united  
 hearts,

now *Virtus* here joyes to behold *Charastus* there.

*Vir.* Allid thus by misfortune, our united  
 wills

shall hate a separation. One act wee'l still  
 pursue;

One thought wee'l think; One soul wee'l  
 have;

One heart, and one Ambition.

*Cha.* Ambition! In that wee'l imitate our  
 mother Earth,

So fall is her Ambition, should she aspire,  
 I were not Ambition, because not naturall.

*Vir.* This Union sown in tears  
 shall rise in glory; my prophetick soul divines it:

Mean while wee'l live here in these woods  
 disguis'd,

Sometimes wee'l visit Court, and see if Fate  
 Will put a period to our sufferings, till then  
 From you renowned Shepherd we must  
 crave concealment.

*Fid.* Your graces may command your  
 humblest vassall.

I have a story of my own to tell you; But  
 for a while

I must crave leave to lie conceal'd.

*Cha.* Then wee'l not urge it.

Hence, hence Ambition now, and all those  
 pleasing thoughts,

Which Crowns and Scepters whistled to our  
 ears,

The silent Groves, and murmuring streams,  
 The shady woods, and whistling windes,  
 will be

A recreation beyond Court vanities. There  
 we three

Will fancy to our selves a Triarchy.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 4.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* Of what aery substance is Mans soul  
 That still 'tis so ambitious to aspire?

The higher stil I am list'd, the more I covet.  
 Is there no end Heavens of our vain desires?

Cannot a Crown and Scepter stay our towering  
 thoughts?

But must we aim at things impossible?

Are we All compos'd of that same disputable  
 element

Whose question'd flames outstrips the  
 highest Region?

Is there no Earth commixt within us,

Or did we drop it at our first creation?

*Enter Halisdur.*

Thou envious Man, why com'st thou with a  
 face

So wretched, thus to check our joyes?

What sorrow 'ist thy tears does thus prognosticate?

*Hal.* I now lament the wofull fruits

Of your dire cruelty: Oh too much wronged  
 Princess!

Wretched *Desdonella*!

*Ber.* What of her? Perhaps her passion  
 Has caus'd her to lay violent hands upon her  
 self.

Is't not so?

*Hal.* Your Highness is too true a Prophet,  
 For the wofull Princess when as the farall  
 newes

Of her dear brothers Misery, resounding in  
 her ears

Was seconded by the late publish'd edict,  
 Knowing

That



## The large Prerogative.

That she could not live without your anger,  
Which to her was worst of miseries,  
Threw her dejected body into the hideous  
stream,

Where the enamoured waves proud of their  
rich prey

Even kild her with embracings.

*Ber.* She was a fond and foolish woman.

We will not spend one tear would it recover  
her.

*Hal.* She lov'd you fir too too well.

*Ber.* For that we will not : Those looser  
thoughts

Shall never cease *Bermudo* : The world shall  
know,

To offend in those absurdities is not the Na-  
ture

But the Vice of Power, from which I'll flye  
As from a singing Syren, or a weeping Cro-  
cadile. *Enter Arontas.*

What newes portends your haste ?

*Aron.* Two ships, my gracious Lord, this  
morn

Arriv'd within your harbour, which we,  
Bound by our duty, & your expresse Command,  
Took, ranfaked, and burnt : But seizing of  
the men,

Two cried out, Lay not your hands on sacred  
Majesty ;

For we are Kings : yet nevertheless

We have brought 'um here to be examin'd  
by your highness.

*Ber.* Spies on my life ! Let 'um be brought  
before us ;

They shall dye. 'Tis I, their fate, have said it.

*Exeunt.*

Kings are not safe in their own territories ;  
But still are subject unto Treachery.

He that ascends a Throne by such severe,  
And unjust dealing, goes but on a slippery  
path,

Where but to a stumble is a precipice.

Beware *Bermudo* then, Traps are laid to take  
thee,

Envie's big, and will be deliver'd of her brat  
Ambition,

Which we must strangle in the Infancy,  
Or all will perish.

He that begins in mischief must go on, and  
in it reign,

If he but leanes to virtue once, he fals amain.

*Exit.*

## *Actus secundus. Scena Prima.*

Enter *Virtus* hastily, and *Fidelio* following  
in each hand a naked Rapier.

*Fid.* OH save thee Great Prince, from your  
der Hill

A fierce and cruell Beast comes raging.

*Vir.* Where is this hideous Monster ?

*Fid.* Alas ! it follows thee : Here, take the  
sword,

And stand upon thy Guard : See, how I  
yawnes,

As if he meant to swallow thee alive :

His eyes are numberless from which pro-  
ceeds

Such a sulphureous flame, that alas, I fear,  
The very smell will kill thee : Oh what  
black

And noysome mist his gaping mouth send  
forth ?

His tongues spit floods of venome, and his  
reaching tayle

Sweeps down whole mountaines, on his  
Cristed back doth rise, so many and such  
massy spears,

That you would swear whole Armies  
Came to thy destruction.

*Vir.* I see nothing, fir, so horrid.

*Fid.* Alas, it comes invisible.

*Vir.* Would'st have me fight with shad-  
dowes ?

I fear you are distracted fir.

*Fid.* So, now you are safe from company  
I'll be more plain.

This fierce inhumane Beast, which I so men-  
tion'd,

Lodges here, here in my Breast his den is,  
Long on my inmost Bowels he has gnaw'd

Lacking his worthy prey ; But now on thee  
He means to seize. Revenge his Name is  
You may guess the Monster.

*Vir.* My innocence is ignorant of his Na-  
ture.

*Fid.* I'll prompt it in few words. You  
must dye.

*Vir.* It is acknowledged : So must we All.

*Fid.* Nay, by this Hand I mean, Revenge  
ges Instrument.

*Vir.* I am so innocent,

Love in it's Extasie : or

can't perswade my self to credit you.  
*Fid.* Cowards still plead Innocence.  
 Can'st thou not fight?  
*Vir.* My cause too good is, yours too bad.  
 Think what a stain my honor would receive,  
 Should I but fight when such an inequality  
 Starts our causes. *Fid.* Oh Coward!  
*Vir.* Are you more valiant, Because  
 In a distemper'd rage you dare draw a  
 sword,  
 Which not provok't you durst not?  
 'Tis he is truly valiant that will fight,  
 Not when his furious Blood boyles  
 In his veins thus, not when a fervent inun-  
 dation  
 Swells his distemper'd channels, but when  
 it coldly flows  
 With a mild, soft, and quiet motion :  
 Those streams that run with such a hideous  
 violence  
 Are still the shallowest ; The silent waters  
 Are most dangerous.  
 If I have wrong'd you fir in such a manner,  
 That nought but death will expiate my  
 crime,  
 Let me understand my fault before I dye.  
 Beasts do not fight without their naturall  
 parlye:  
*Fid.* I scarce have so much patience  
 As to tell thee : Thou had'st a sister.  
*Vir.* And, hope I have one yet. What of  
 her?  
*Fid.* Canst thou remember her, and no  
 crimson Blush  
 Stain thy immodest cheeks ? oh impudence!  
*Vir.* When I remember her,  
 I have less guilt than I expected :  
 For if my wronging her my onely fault is,  
 Heaven knows I am virtuous.  
*Fid.* Hell is divine then : Less Tyranny is  
 harbour'd there.  
 For to cloyster up a sister be a vertue ;  
 Let me be vicious Heavens: For to have kill'd  
 her  
 Had been charity ; But to bury her alive  
 Where she must still consume in Loves hot  
 torturing flames  
 And never perish, is an act that Saints  
 All humane Malice. Know'st not me yet?  
 Know'st not *Fidelio* ?

*Vir. Fidelio !* Let me embrace thee : I  
 must.  
*Fid.* Keep off dissembling Crocodile :  
 Too long  
 Has the thought of thee already rioted in my  
 bosome,  
 Which now I'll banish quite : Prepare to  
 dye.  
*Vir.* Hold yet your hand :  
 She is not in a Nunnery as you think.  
*Fid.* Ha ! Is she dead then ? oh my mis-  
 construing soul !  
 'Tis too true : Can I know it,  
 And let thee live a minute after ?  
*Vir.* Do not abuse your patience : She is  
 not dead.  
*Fid.* What happy place contains her  
 then ?  
*Vir.* I know not that fir.  
 When that my Father did with bad success  
 Send unto *Delfos*, to demand what fortune  
 Should betide my sister, after that solemn  
 Contract  
 That was made between you, He received  
 from thence.  
 This short but fatall Oracle.  
*Brabantas* take this answer, and no other,  
 Thy daughter's born to disenthroned her  
 Brother.  
 These words did so enrage my Father,  
 To think his own bowels should root out  
 His own posterity, that nought but  
 The immurement of my sister could assuage  
 his Passion,  
 Which shortly he determin'd to performe ;  
 But she, the night before that dismall day,  
 The silent darkness helping her escape,  
 Departed from the Court ; But whither  
 I am uncertain, for my raging Father  
 Supposing me the plotter of her flight, next  
 day  
 Did banish me his Kingdom, on pain of  
 death  
 Not to return without her.  
 First to *Pelorus* I begun my voyage,  
 Which then I found all drown'd in tears,  
 Lamenting your departure, which as I heard  
 Her late suppos'd immurement had caus'd.  
 Long there I staid not, but sayling onwards,  
 The tempestuous Sea cast me unawares  
 On this infortunate Kingdom ; VVhere I  
 shall never finde her. *Fid.*



# The large Prerogative.

*Fid.* And would'st thou carry her back again  
To her imprisonment? Oh! the unconscionable  
Cruelty of a Brother!

*Vir.* Do not deceive your self. Heaven Knowes  
My thoughts are innocent.

*Fid.* Talk not of innocence false man,  
It is a virtue which thy childhood nere  
could boast off;  
Thy tainted blood runs thick within thy  
veines,

And I must vent it, lest it prove dangerous.  
*Vir.* 'Twill prove as clear as chriftall  
In token of my Innocence: No silver wan-  
dering stream

Shall with a purer current flow, than this  
My unpolluted blood shall, to invite  
Thy guilty hands, to wash them of their  
staine.

*Fid.* There I could bathe eternally, and  
never faint.  
Prepare. Have at you fir. So cunning?

*They fight, and a Letter drops.*  
*Vir.* Hold: What had I forgot?

For this same crime *Fidelio* I will not dye  
Innocence is wrong'd in't: I'll give thee  
A juster cause for thy Revenge, thy sisters

Will:  
Here in this letter 'tis inclos'd.

*He gives him the Letter.*  
*Fid.* Letters to me from *Theſſia*? art sure  
The inclos'd injunctions are to kill thee?

*Vir.* Her threatning brow, at my depart-  
ture told me so.

VWhen I receiv'd them, me thoughts her  
face appear'd.

Like to a quiet stream, cript on the suddain  
By some gentle winde, which soon too soone  
Arose to Billowes; Then her tongue  
Proclam'd me vagabond, commanding me  
to finde

My sister and her Brother, or near to see her  
more.

*Fid.* Thou wilt grow odious to all the  
world.

She lov'd thee once *Virtus*, and ever would  
Had not thy virtue fail'd, for which  
If now she has sent thy doome,  
Millions of Armies shall not hold

From acting a Revenge, that shall puzzle  
All the Furies for to second.

*He reads.*

*Vir.* Never did guilty Prisoner at the Bar  
Await the sentence of the Magistrate, with  
such

A Holy and Religious fear as I do mine.  
See how his clouded brow  
Already doomes me guilty: Such another  
look

Would save the Executioner his labour.

*Fid.* Oh cruell sister! Would'st have  
me pardon him?

Think'st thou he is innocent? the cruell  
Leopard

Is less spotted.

*Enter a Messenger.*

The Newes?

*Mess.* The Prince *Charastus* is return'd  
from Court,

And does desire a speedie conference.

*Fid.* Wee'l wait him instantly.

*Mess.* But good fir, stay not; The affaires,  
He sayes, is very weighty.

*Fid.* My sisters pleasure, and the Kings  
affaires

Defers our combate till some other time,  
meane while

Read this inclosed Letter, my sister sends  
it thee,

Shee'l not the Proverb break,  
Love bids us write what we are sham'd to  
speak.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Sce. 2.*

*Enter Arontas and Spadatur.*

*Spa.* VVhy so sad Arontas?  
Can the Honors lately confer'd upon you  
Make you forget your wonted liberty?

*Aron.* I am already weary with their bur-  
then;

Fate has converted my felicity to a wicked-  
ness  
So horrid, that the Ghosts of injur'd Kings  
VVill for ever haunt me.

*Spa.* VVhat desert in thee can procure  
So Royall Attendance?

*Aron.* Hast thou not heard then of that  
cruelty  
Which will for ever record my name

C

Amongst

Amongst the Tyrants ?

*Spa.* I yet am ignorant ; Prithee inform me.

*Aron.* I tremble but to think on'r.

The Kings of *Pachynus* and *Pelorus*, going to *Delphos*

To consult, about the finding of their late lost Children,

VVere by the last infortunate Tempest Cast on this Shore.

*Spa.* What of that ?

*Aron.* I, bound by my new got office, and the hopes

Of future honor, presented them to the King, Who, contrary to my expectation, has, As Spyes, condemn'd them, lest by their flight

The world should know the Tyranny of his cruell Lawes.

*Spa.* And must they dye then ?

*Aron.* Most certain.

*Spa.* Surely they must not.

*Aron.* VVhy ? what should hinder ?

*Spa.* The people.

*Aron.* Heavens keep such thoughts from *Scicily*.

The People ? they resist Authority ?

*Spa.* May they not oppose a Tyrant ?

*Aron.* Take heed whilst they oppose one They introduce not thousands. Be confident

The ruine, spoile and rape of Innocence that attends

But one such single act, will be far greater than

The malice of ten Tyrants can ever perpetrate.

*Spa.* Though Innocence may suffer for a while in it,

And much too, Yet we shall at length be free.

*Aron.* Nevet, Oh never. Ope but that gap once,

And ten thousand unseen miseries will enter. Those whom the People dote on so, admire, And saint for seeming virtues, if they once get power

(Heavens having stamp that curse sit on such changes)

Will turn the greatest and the worst Tormentors.

Oppression in a lawfull King, is but a kinde of wantonness ;

But in all others, a Necessity. No power, I must confess,

There is without its whip ; but the usurper. Lashes with Scorpions.

*Spa.* Then we can change again.

*Aron.* Most likely fir you will.

Change will beget a change, till All are nothing.

Rebellion is a Circle that will finde no end.

Till men want Ambition, or the People, Madness.

*Spa.* What must we do then ?

*Aron.* Keep close unto that sacred rule of strict obedience.

Though Tyrants reign, one grave, or age may end it ;

But Government let loose to change, and popular disorders,

Contracts that ruine which nothing but eternity can bury.

*Spa.* I find it a sad truth ; yet would these Kings

VVere sav'd though. I am strangely troubled.

*Aron.* No King can fall, but good men Finde an Earthquake.

*Spa.* Shall we to Court, and see the event ?

*Aron.* Lead on. I'll follow. Oh Allegiance, Thou elder child of Virtue, Lend us thy passive fortitude,

With that high Saint-like goodness arm this Nation.

Resistance ever brings a swift damnation.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Sce. 3.*

*Enter Brabantus, Sperazus, and Jaylor.*

*Jay.* My Lords, the King commends him to ye

In this Message. He bad me tell ye, Ye must prepare your selves for a Noble, Suddain, and a fatall entertainment.

*Bra.* What does his cruelty entend to do now ?

*Jay.* No more than *Tarquin* did to the Poppeys

When he lopt their stately heads off.

*Bra.* Must then our Heads goe off ?

*Jay.* No fir ; They must be cut off : My worship



# The large Prerogative.

Is appointed to execute that honourable function. (thus

*Bra.* Base peasant, has thy Master sent thee To jeer our Misery?

*Jay.* Good words sir, I shall be a cruell Destiny,  
And have three cuts at your thread of life else.

*Bra.* Thus dares the baser As revile the dying Lyon.

Hence thou unnecessary Parenthesis of Nature,

Or by my just anger, thou shalt be our Harbinger.

*Jay.* I am gon, but shall return in Thunder. *Exit.*

*Bra.* Oh ye powers!  
Where's that Majestick glory, which to Kings

Is still essentiall? where is that awfull power Which our least Nod may justly challenge?  
Surely you have but flatter'd us, else Peasants tongues

Could ne're thus triumph o're our Misery.

*Spe.* Be patient Great *Brabantas.*

*Bra.* Oh 'tis above my patience, that we two VVhom the All-potent Gods have fram'd their Image,

And have given as equall power to rule in Earth

As they in heaven, should thus be mock't by one

Whom Natures over-charged breast has vomited,

And made a droffy lump worth nought But scorn and foul reproach of purity.  
Kings are Earths Gods, how dares the baser sort

Prophane their Deities?

*Enter Fidelio and Virtusius like Priests.*

*Vir.* Most Royall sirs, no sooner did your sad estate

Arrive our Knowledge, but it rais'd Pity within us, so far, that being bound By the Religion of our office, and the commiseration

Of your Miseries, we thought it fit to visit ye, And prescribe some necessary comfort.

*Bra.* There is no comfort left beyond my miseries,

That name is banish'd quite; my crime so horrid is,

That all the infernall torments will be But my deserved penance, and no punishment,

And the enduring them but my devotion, and no sufferance.

Oh reverend Fathers! there's such a crime Lyes burthening my sad conscience, that to relate it

VVould affright your ears, and puzzle Your Inventions for a penance. (nance

*Fid.* Let not the defect of a sufficient penance Make you irreligious; Heavens mercy Is above your crime.

*Bra.* Had there been ever sin of such an exorbitant nature

For their mercies president, I might be confident;

But now to hope it, were flat impudence. The crying voyces of my injur'd children Are too clamorous for any prayers of mine To arise there.

*Vir.* No question sir your Childrens cries Are Mediators for you. They will but prove the steps

Whereby your prayers may easily ascend: It is their filiall duty.

*Bra.* Ought there to be a filiall duty Where no paternall care was? Such goodness Would but aggravate my crime; should they But plead for me, how wicked then were I In wronging them? oh sirs!

Is't not a crime most horrid, when a father Shall immure his daughter in a Nunnery, Because a foolish Oracle did say, she was born

To disenthroned her Brother?

*Fid.* Will not a carefull Husbandman oft-times

Cut off a branch, because he sees it may offend Some other? Necessity compelleth oft to cruelty.

And he is mad that will not part VVith a corrupted limb, when it may prove Injurious to the whole body.

*Bra.* But he is worse that kills himself, Because he wou'd not dye. Shall I For fear of drowning from a well rig'd ship Leap down into the waves? This is

Willfully to court, that which I fain would shun.

*Vir.* Your Son fir I perceive in this Was chiefest Author; 'Twas his accursed fear

That made your tenderness to use Such rigour on your daughter. Though him you father,

Father not his crimes.

*Bra.* Would'st have me still heap sin on sin?

Is not the ruine of a daughter an offence sufficient,

But must I rob a Son too of his Honor, And make a rape of Innocence my Relaxation?

My soul already is replenish'd, I need not bring

Vice in a newer fashion: Had he been guilty He might have rested safely in *Pachynus*.

*Fid.* No more: It is enough *Virtusius*.

*They discover.*

*Bra.* I would my eyes were fountains Fraught with tears, that I might ever Weep for joy at this thy safety.

*Spe.* My Son *Fidelio*, welcome to my Arms;

Now let me dye *Bermudo*, for thus supported Dare I stand out-braving Fate, and make Death tremble at my boldness.

*Bra.* Arise my son; Let all the blessings That the Earth can give to mortalls, light on thee:

That thou mayst safely flourish and spring up, When this same withered trunk's blown down

By ages Tyranny.

*Fid.* Trifle not time Great Sirs.

Take these our ill becoming robes, in these You may escape the Keepers curious eye, And pass all undiscovered.

*Bra.* But how will ye escape then?

*Vir.* Leave that to Heavens and us.

Dispute it not: I pray make haste.

*Spe.* Heavens be your guard then.

*Vir.* And yours.

*Exeunt Bra. and Spe.*

*Fid.* Oh *Virtusius*, Pardon my infidelity, No thought of mine was the first that caus'd That foul suspicion of thy Loyalty, Only the ill-sounding Trump of fame

Blew some such speeches to my ears, which they

Too suddenly entertain'd, and would as suddenly

Have banish'd, had not some envious tongues Then seconded it. That friendship which before

I vow'd, shall now be establish'd;

I have call'd a Parliament within me, 'Tis now confirm'd by A&A. Fool that I was Ever to mistrust thee.

*A continued cry within of Fire.*

Heark, tis done; *Charastus* now I see Thou art truly faithfull.

*Enter Charastus hastily.*

*Cha.* The Lodge is fir'd, the Keeper's gone,

And I am persude. *Both.* How? persude?

*Cha.* Time will not give us leave to talk on't;

Make haste, and save your selves. *Exeunt.*

*A confused company pass o're the stage, crying stop the Shepherd.*

*A&A. 2. Scs. 4.*

*Enter Bermudo and Arontas.*

*Ber.* What tumult's grown in our disturb'd Court?

Will not the heavens permit me for to take One peacefull hour, But must they still Molest my wearied senses with these dismal sounds?

But heavens I thank ye: ye have now awak't And summon'd up an almost forgot Revenge: The slow pac't time is now fulfill'd in which The two proud insolent Kings are doom'd to suffer.

*A cry within of fire.*

Heark: Surely the Gods already have prepar'd a fire,

And do expect the Kings for sacrifice.

*A cry again of fire.*

Still more and more; Look out *Arontas*.

*Exit Arontas.*

What should these flames portend? what secret mystery

Is in Fate, that passes thus a Kings capacity?

Be it good or bad, speak it ye powers;

Speak it in thunder Heavens: or if The affrighted world must still be ignorant of its ruine,

Let some gentle wind whisper it to me alone:

Why



Why should *Bermudo* be deni'd to be Fates  
Councillor?

If it be treachery against me you would conceal thus,

Be speedy in your plots, I will unfold 'um  
else,

Unlock fates Cabinet, rip ope the all-containing breasts

Of the inscrutable destinies, where thus  
I'll dissipate them all. Ha! *A shout within.*

Why tremblest to my breast? wilt never be  
refin'd

From that terrestriall passion? Are not my  
thoughts

Too crown'd? Must they still live  
In base subjection unto fear?

*Enter Arontas.*

The cause *Arontas*, quickly?

*Aron.* The Porters lodge, most gracious sir,  
Fird by a malicious Shepherd, caused

These sudden acclamations of your Subjects.

*Ber.* And was that a fit subject for their ridiculous shouts?

Now I perceive they are weary of my government,

Else my danger could nere beget their mirth.

*Aron.* The mirth proceeded at the Shepherds Apprehending:

See where he is.

*Enter Spadatus Fayler and Guard bringing in Virtusur and Fidelio.*

*Fay.* Justice most gracious Sovereign. Justice I desire.

*Ber.* 'Tis Treason to suspect the contrary. Which was the Author of the flames?

*Fay.* Of that your great Authority must inform you,

For both were taken flying, yet but one  
Was seen about the Lodge; which that one  
was

By examination you may easily find sir.

*Ber.* Be assur'd we'll do our best: it concerns us nearly.

In the mean while fetch you forth the Prisoners.

*Fay.* Your Highness will shall be obey'd.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* VVhen the severer hand of Justice  
menaceth destruction  
The innocent oft trembles, when the guilty  
smiles:

How often has my doom beat terror  
To affrighted Innocence, yet these two  
Conscious persons, which must upon necessity expect

'Its fatal fall on them dare arm themselves  
With impudence, and suffer their audacity

To outface my justice, appearing rather  
My Judges than my Prisoners.

Are all good manners blotted from your  
memory?

If that the horror of my Justice cannot  
Beat down those stubborn flood-gates, yet I

Your guilty consciences make room for  
showres

Of penitentiall tears to wipe away  
My hovering severity, or it will fall as un-

voidable  
As deadly. VVhen heavens thunder speak

The senseless Ash will bow his head in a  
Submissive reverence, but the stubborn O

Unmov'd resists their threatnings, and with  
soaring pride

Advances still his branches; But oft time  
we see

He payes a fatall forfeit for his impudence  
So shall ye.

*Vir.* He stands to be suspected sir that  
basely fears.

Who would commit pure and undefiled  
Innocence

Unto so cowardly a protection?

*Ber.* VVho dares be vicious, dares be  
impudent in deniall.

That is an essentiall part of Villany;  
He is but a poor proficient in the Mercuriall  
Art,

That frames not an excuse before the Plot

*Fid.* Excuses sir we have none: There  
Too great a contrariety 'twixt innocency  
and them,

One breast cannot harbour both.

*Ber.* That Innocence which you so falsely  
to you

Attribute, is but an excuse it self, or otherwise

It would have dar'd the utmost of suspicion  
And not have caus'd such timorous flight.

*Fid.* Does not the Lamb the sacred Emblem  
bleme

Of happy Innocence, make haste away, if  
once spyed

ravenous wolfe pursue him? and yet his flight  
ought not to raise the least suspicion of his  
virtue.  
The dismall noyse of Fire worse than a ra-  
venous wolf  
followed our ears, which made us I confesse  
to lie;  
Whither? only to your Court sir.  
Had we been guilty, we never could suppose  
our Court to be our Sanctuary;  
For he is mad, that having slain the husband  
Will seek protection in the widows house:  
We had been far worse, that having fir'd a  
Member,  
Would dare to take refuge in the body.  
Will e're the timerous Hart flie unto the  
Hunter?  
Or the harmles Dove meet the pursuing  
Falcon?

*Enter Fayler.*

*Fay.* Mercy most gracious Sovereign,  
Mercy I desire.

*Ber.* Where are the prisoners sirrha?

*Fay.* They have escap't, my Liege. Mer-  
cy, oh mercy.

*Ber.* Escap't? Speak it again villain.

*Fay.* They have escap't. Oh mercy.

*Ber.* Escap't? what treachery is hatching  
in the infernall Pit?

That damnd Magitians has the Furies sent  
to stupifie a Kings divinity? ye heavenly  
Powers,

and you diviner Providence, yield,

yield your precedency to Hell,

from thence proceeds the Master-piece of  
plots

that justly robs you of Supremacy. Escap't!

was as easie for a Lamb to escape

from out the pawes of a half starv'd Lyon,

or for a damned body to return from out

the jawes of Acheron, had they not been

more than mortall. They were Devils, dam-  
ned Devils,

sent from Hell to jeer me?

Had they no other shapes to personate but  
Kings?

Must Divinity become a cloak to Treachery?

Oh ye Gods restore 'um back again,

or take your Bounties.

*Aron.* Good my Lord, this passion ill be-  
comes your Highness.

*Ber.* I am mad *Aronias*, stark mad:

Fury like lightning feeds upon my soul.

Good Heavens send down some ministring  
Spirit

To divert this flame, or I shall fall

Arm'd with an universall ruine. Hear me

Ye just powers, 'Tis I, Fates Fate, intreat ye.

*Enter Halisdus, and Thesbia in boyes Apparell.*  
And art thou come blest Spirit? why now I  
see

The Heavens are but our wishes Instruments.

Hail glorious Saint, thy charity has robd  
thee

Of thy excellence: Thou that sats't en-  
thron'd

Amongst the Deities, filling the heavenly  
Quires

With thy Harmony, whil'st with thy notes

The emulous Sphears jar'd in confusion,

Why hast thou vouchsaf't to lay aside Divi-  
nity,

And visit poor and undeserving Mortalls?

*Hal.* Mistake him not my Lord: He is a  
Mortall,

Sent as a Present from your Subjects

That guard the confines. (Ceive

*Ber.* Thou art blind, old man, I can per-

Divinity within him, the least part whereof

Will make a monster of Perfection. Nor  
shall I

Think him less than he does seem to be,

Unless his courteous voyce proclame it.

*Thes.* Let no supposed excellence in me

Make you an Idolater, but if you see ought

In this poor fabrick, worthy this Admiration,

Admire the Deity that did infuse it:

Give not the creature the Creators due.

*Ber.* If beauteous sweet thou art mortall,  
as yet

I am not fully satisfied, Tell me thy name  
and Country.

*Thes.* *Anthrogonus* men call me sir.

*Pelorus* is my native Country.

*Ber.* Oh happy Country that canst boast  
of such a rarity!

Look here effeminate men, ye that with im-  
partiall eyes

Adore a thing call'd woman, here, here

You may find a difference; but I have too  
much lost my self,

Revenge



Revenge bids me retire. *Jayler*, were not thy head

Too base to answer for two Kings,  
I'de make thee an example to succeeding times

For such neglectfull villains.

*Jay*. Oh! good my Lord! my Lodge was fir'd only,

That I being busie in the quenching it  
They might escape.

*Ber*. Thou promptst me well, Shepherds confesse or dye.

*Fid*. He that confesses fir an undone crime,  
Deserves the punishment of the sacrilegious,  
Honor, that Holy and Religious Mysterie, is  
desil'd in't,  
And if they be punish'd in the highest nature

That roba Church of some divine and holy ornament,

What punishment deserve they that take away

Divinity it self, and make a rape of their Devotion.

Honor a household God is, which remov'd  
Destruction surely enters.

*Ber*. Not confesse then?  
Oh Allegiance, where's now thy former glory?

Me thinks I see thee buried in the earth,  
Crying aloud for vengeance on these Traytors.

Rest quiet soul, I will assert thy cause,  
And wreck thy vengeance in a full effusion  
Of blood and horror.

Once more bold Shepherds wee'l vouchsafe to ask ye,

VVill ye confesse the Author? we may be mercifull.

*Fid*. I'll not bely our Innocence to gain your mercy.

Let me be tortur'd with all the torments  
That timpanized cruelty swel'd to the height  
Could ever yet invent first.

*Ber*. Let him have his will in't.  
Away with him to Tortures.

*Vir*. Oh spare his life great King; Spill not one drop

Of his pure innocent blood. 'Tis worth thy Nation.

*Ber*. Let him confesse then.

*Vir*. I will confesse what ever you will have me.

*Ber*. Didst thou not fire the Lodg then?

*Vir*. Alas I did not.

*Ber*. *Jayler* away with him.

*Vir*. I did; upon my knees I did.

*Fid*. Believe him not great King: 'tis his accursed Policy

To rob me of the glory of my sufferings.

*Vir*. Shall I not be believ'd then? Stand you need

No witness, when you have one really confessing.

*Thes*. It is confesse'd you see great sin whar would you more?

Be now a King and pardon him:

Rigor becomes your petty Magistrates that know

Nothing of their Authority, but oppression  
A Throne's a Mercy-seat, and he that sits thereon

Ought to distribute it, where ere he sees  
True penitence, that's promis'd by confession.

*Ber*. Peace *Anthrogonus*,  
He is not worth thy pleading for.

*Thes*. Those better spirits that ascend  
Will oft look down, and where-soere they see  
Virtue oppressed, will vouchsafe to help with pitie.

I do no more, I pity him, and spend  
Some tears, and prayers, a poor boyes benevolence.

*Ber*. Thy tears *Anthrogonus* have prevail'd  
My adamantin heart melts at those shower  
He shall live. And be thy prisoner only

No more.

Come, wee'l be for Martiall sports: Till Boar

Wee'l hunt to morrow. Prepare our javelin  
A King like a *Coleffus* stands, or 'e striding fast

Whil'st envies sails swel'd with ambition  
windes

Floateth between his legs, and cracks his heels  
Mast

With Admiration only at his height: No Fate

The true Nativity of Kings can calculate.

*Exempt.*

*Act*

*Actus tertius. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Obarastur.*

*ba.* NO<sup>t</sup> one tear more I'll spend for thee my sister ; is a grief too light to solemnize thy exequies.

thy heart in silence shall weep blood, when I remember

*esdonella's* fate. Hence then effeminate tears : are too soft an expresser of my misery, the fenceless Trees but struck in favor by the Sun

Will do as much ; and shall I when fortune darts her arrows of malice, express no greater sorrow ?

yes, an inward bleeding is most dangerous, that, that I will learn to practise,

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Cha.* *Fidelio* ! Let me embrace thee. I do contain more worth within these arms than *Atlas* bears upon his shoulders. Speak dearest friend.

Where is *Virtus* ? living or amongst the dead ?

*Fid.* Alive too, but in prison.

*Cha.* I'll free him instantly ; I'll have my Crown again, too long *Bermudo* has usurp'd it ; I'll break upon him,

like some direfull Comet sparkling my vengeance

about his Throne ; or like a swelling channel to g damnd up

Will I discharge my streams on all sides of him,

rushing forth with a strong and hideous torrent

As mischievous as irresistible.

*Fid.* Forbid it Providence. Be not too rash fond man,

Religion, and your sacred Lawes oppose it. You have indulg'd him all the Prerogatives of Majesty,

Crown'd him your self, and should you now lay violent hands upon him before his

Crown is forfeited,

How would you violate your Lawes, and scandal

Your Religion ? Think what an easie president

'Twill be hereafter to your Subjects.

*Cha.* Far be it from me to violate Religion :

I would not for the worlds vast Monarchy Receive the morgag'd Crown before its forfeiture.

I'll wed *Flavanda* first, so doing Religion seconds my attempts, and restores The Diadem again unto me.

*Fid.* Still you grow rasher : will you for a Crown

Receive a Serpent to your bosome ? His Sister ?

'Twill all your glory, and your high swoln Make constant her that loves thee not.

Take heed, there's danger in't, great danger.

*Cha.* Her Love's more constant than the Rocks,

Less blasted with the puffs of vain Ambition : Nature has lost the mold where she was fram'd,

And cannot second what she did :

'Twas my *Flavanda* whom her curious hand From all eternity strove to make perfect.

*Fid.* Were she the exactest piece of Curiosity that ever

Admiration doated on, yet if she want a soul Able for to govern all those excellencies,

We cannot stile her perfect (Perfection being

The unity of both most excellent) our Loves Like to our selves are still terrestriall,

Reflecting only on the outward object, Without regard of that divine and most celestiall

Fabrick of the soul. We think

Those seeming spots within the Moon, meer moles

And blemishes, when indeed they are most pure,

And most pellucides : so on the contrary, We deem all virtuous that is fair, and yet

The Moon is fair we must confess, yet she Is only constant in Inconstancy.

*Cha.* Can'st thou look virtuously on any thing that's fair ?

Can'st thou behold dame Natures Master-piece.

And no new Admiration swell thy enamour'd fancy ?

Can'st



Canst thou but seeme to court Divinity,  
Or behold the Sun in all his glory, without a  
true  
And reall Adoration? if so: Go court my  
best *Flavanda*.

Carry a thousand *Ovids* in thy tongue,  
Let thy words melt to the winning<sup>st</sup> elo-  
quence

That e're enchanted Lady; Speak in thy  
highest phrase,

Thou canst not flatter her; she is as far be-  
yond it,

As I come short of admiration,  
And if all this does produce a tear,  
Or sigh, more than in pity of thy folly,  
I will as much abhor inconstancy,  
As now I doate upon her excellence.

*Fid.* I were injurious unto you, and to  
that Deity

That lies inshrin'd within those rayes,  
should I

Presume to approach but with a virtuous  
adoration.

No immodest thought shall once extract  
An amorous glance, no rude word shall  
preach

Uncivill doctrin to her, nor any melting  
touch

Cast a delicious silence o're her body, whilst  
Her pleas'd eye retorts a second invitation:  
All shall be truly harmlesse, all divine.

I'll lay a seeming siege against her constancy,  
And if she bravely can maintain that fort,  
I'll stile thee happy in thy humble choyce,  
happier

Than those that wed 'bove their aspiring  
fortunes,

Where every nod of the displeased wife  
Clames an obedience in the Husband.

*Gha.* On to thy wars then, but take heed,  
Fly not too long about those flames, lest that  
Thy melted wings like to a second *Icarus*  
Throws thee down into a deadly Ocean of  
destruction,

Where thou must sink eternally: So Fare-  
well.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 2.*

*Enter Virtusius reading a Letter.*

*Vir.* Thine for ever *Thesbia*. If this be  
true

I am above thee Fate. Why should I doubt  
it? Her hand

Is the truest Character of her faith, her Seal  
The firm and surest obligation of her Love  
Which like the Gordian Knot binds most  
inseparably.

'Tis that divinest *Thesbia* that has tide  
Our absent souls together, reuniting too  
Our hands though distant in as firm a Knot  
As *Hymen* and his sacred Rites could do,  
though present.

Be frolick then my soul; To day  
Thou art wedded to thy happiness. Swell  
high my blood;

I'll entertain my *Thesbia* in a dream:  
There my delighted fancy may in spite  
Of cursed distance, kiss its fill,  
There in a second slumber I may lye  
Melting my soul with hers, whilst each em-  
brace

Invites another, and each amorous look  
Calls to a second Parley; There my ravish'd  
senses

Rapt to the highest extasie may find out  
New sorts of pleasures, and sweet fresh de-  
lights.

Rest here then melting soul, to All good  
night.

*He sleeps*

*Enter Thesbia.*

*Thes.* Did our chief bliss consist in worldly  
pleasures

As *Epicurus* did define, I might suppose my  
self

Most happy; But alas, take heed,  
Trust not a Lyon though he fawns.

Oh ye powers! why did ye not?

When this same fabrick lay like melted wax  
Void of all form or feature, why did ye not  
Frame it most miserable? why was I made  
Beyond the reach of happiness?

I would *Bermudo* thou hadst hared me,  
I could have been ambitious then, and  
Crowns

Are like Love, nere pleasant but in getting,  
Once got, they are troublesome: Happiness  
consists

In expectation only; Fond Gamsters when  
they play

Desire to win, but having won, their play is  
ended.

D

Sick

Sick men will please their thoughts with that,  
Which to enjoy were deadly : Ambition  
Were a virtue could it shun the end.  
What sleeping prisoner ? Thou art happy  
in thy thraldom ;  
Kings cannot sleep so soundly ;  
Where is my father Shepherd ? where is he ?  
For whom thou endur'st this thraldom ?  
Cannot thy sleeps inform me ? This Paper  
may.

*She takes the Letter.*

Ha ? Amaze me not ye Heavens !  
Do not abuse my too inclining senses with  
the sight  
Of this same flattering object. Oh desire  
Thou art a false Optick misleading of our  
fancies  
To that sight which most we covet.  
Why thus transform'd *Virtus* ? Are these  
a Princes Robes ?  
Is sleep a Lovers fellow ? at noon tide too ?  
Then *Thesbia* is forgotten.  
Sleep on sweet soul , she has deserv'd thy  
scorns ;

Let Quires of heavenly Spirits guard thy  
slumbers,  
And when thou walk'st let thy enamour'd soul  
Turn to those pleasing sounds : *Thesbia*  
would have

No mortall Rivall. Alas he wakes.

*Vir.* Stay *Morpheus* stay , force not thy  
leaden wings  
So quickly from mine eyes : oh let me ere  
behold

This pleasing object. How has my fancy  
Travel'd all this while ? what Seas , what  
Gulfs,

What unknown Lands has my imagination  
compass ?

If dreams those weaker fancies of our brain  
can work so really upon our souls,  
Oh let me dream eternally, let all my life  
Be one continued slumber : Ha ? a Vision !

*Thes.* No, a reall piece of Misery, one that  
begs

Upon his knees a Curtesie.

*Vir.* Thou art my Jayler boy,  
Thou mayst command it.

*Thes.* I not command, but my obedient  
soul

Poures out it self in supplication : Because I  
am your Jayler.

Let not that keep back your clemencie,  
I will become your fellow-prisoner rather,  
Weep when you weep, sigh when you sigh,  
And be the true and perfect flatterer of your  
misery.

Tell me, oh tell me ! where's that unhappy  
King *Sperazus*;

Whose life thy loss of liberty has purchas'd ?  
Long have I sought him up and down,  
Yet still was so unhappy as to miss him.

*Vir.* Wouldst thou betray him then false  
Boy ?

*Thes.* Far be it from me, I would but chide  
him only ;

Tell him he was cruell, inhumanely cruell,  
Cruell to his own dear daughter,  
Robbing her of that affection by his strict  
command

Which she had plac'd on Prince *Virtus* :  
Nor was this enough to satisfie his ire,  
But he must force her to revile him too,  
(Heaven knows too much against her will.)  
How oft poor maid has she with showres of  
tears,

Distilled from those never empty fountains,  
Pray'd that the heavens would set an ever-  
lasting seal

Upon those lips that utter'd such a prophana-  
tion ?

But they reserv'd them for to sing in heaven,  
As now they do.

*Vir.* Is she dead then ?

*Thes.* No, she lives in heaven a sacrifice  
Unto *Virtus* ire.

*Vir.* I have heard too much : Hence  
Night-Raven

Hencethou black interpreter of death,  
Haste to the Stygian shades, be never more  
Here heard on earth : Thy voyce will blast  
us all.

*Thes.* I am sorry fir——.

*Vir.* Hold, stop thy accursed Mouth ;  
Let it not breath such dismall vapors :  
Haste unto *Pluto's* Quire, there let the Man-  
drakes voyce

Yell forth his Mattens ; Howl there the  
Dirges

Of tormented souls ; Learn Harmony from  
Toads.

*Thes.* Yet hear me.

*Vir.* Never, oh never.

*Exit.*

*Thes.*



*Thes.* Thus often Politicians with their  
too much care  
Turn what was perfect to a just despair.  
*Exit.*

*Act. 3. Sc. 3.*

*Enter Flavanda and Constantina  
as Shepherdeses.*

*Fla.* Call you this place a Cottage, it is a  
beautious  
Palace rather, adorn'd to entertain some  
Deity ;  
Art sure ? and Nature too has met to make it  
A perfect Paradise : I have liv'd in ignorance  
too long ;  
Courts are false Opticks blinding our weak-  
er fancies  
With a false and basely forg'd felicity.  
This is the truest happiness.

*Con.* Now I perceive things are most sweet  
Known by their contraries ; Courtiers  
mongst us  
Are had in admiration ; we whose simplicity  
Can be but honest only think flattery virtue.  
*one knocks.*

*Fla.* Some one knocks, prithee admit  
him.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Con.* One from *Charastus* Madam desires  
To speak with you.

*Fla.* From *Charastus* ? come you from him  
sir ?

Pardon me if I expresse a greater pleasure  
Than modesty will allow me : How does  
that Prince ?

Alas , I fear all is not well you look so  
strangely.

Is he alive or dead ? speak quickly , quickly  
gentle sir.

Release me of this fear. Why are you  
So cruelly silent ?

*Fid.* Admiration Lady stopt my speech :  
He lives ;

Lives happily in contemplation of your ex-  
cellence.

*Fla.* Does this same visit sir proceed from  
him ?

*Fid.* No Lady : my devotion bound me  
hither

With as great a zeal , as Pilgrims to their  
Pilgrimage :

For since *Charastus* tongue that poor inter-  
preter

Of your worth blaz'd your perfections to me  
My heart would never beat quiet  
Till my ambitious eyes were witnesses of  
that excellence,

Which now alas I find of such a full authority  
That I am forc't to adoration : Thus low  
I offer up my self unto your mercy.

Oh be as gentle then as fair,  
And let some showres of pitie quench those  
flames,

Or cruell love worse than a flash of lightning  
Will consume the Sacrificer, Altar, and the  
Sacrifice.

*Fla.* If showres of tears could quench the  
flame

I would be full of pity, but Loves fire  
Is of that nature that the more we strive  
To quench it, the more it still does burn.  
Pity its sewell is , and should I spend some  
Tears,

It would raise a strange presumption in you  
Of an easie Conquest ; I'll not deceive  
Your hopes so much : *Charastus* sir has con-  
quer'd,

And is of force to keep. I am only his.

*Fid.* Only his ? Good ought to be com-  
mon still :

Do not, oh do not, sweet, confine a happi-  
ness

To only one : Make not a stealth of Natures  
bounty,

But like some gentle stream running betwixt  
two fields

Be a delicious ornament to both.

The twining Ivie that ascends  
Embracing the loud Elm will oft vouchsafe  
The encircling of some neighbouring bough,  
and yet

The Elm cannot accuse it of inconstancy.

*Fla.* To suffer our affections so to wander  
Were but to prostitute, and make common  
that

Which nature hath reserv'd within for a  
prize

Due to the most deserving.

*Fid.* The Sun himself nere stands upon  
curiosity,  
But lends his beams to all : He nere regards  
desert.

*Love in it's Extasie : or*

Be wife *Flavanda*, know he that woes thee  
is a Prince, the Prince of great *Pelorus*  
Whither he shall carry thee in as full a Tri-  
umph

As he would his *Penates*.

There thou mayst shine in all thy glory  
Whil'st thy Beholders melt to see those  
rayes,

And never seek a shade to shelter them.

Whil'st here you stay, the Tyrants Law

Worse than a grossly exhalation duls your  
beams,

Not suffering them to shine at all, no not so  
much

As on my friend *Charastus*.

*Fla.* With what face dare you call him  
friend

Whom thus you strive to ruine? Can you  
suppose

He will forget this injury? Surely

Hee'l ever hate you for't.

*Fid.* Hee'l rather love me for't:

Atheists themselves love Atheists, and shall  
we,

We of so pure a faith maintain a hate  
Against one another for being of the same  
Religion?

How injurious should we prove unto that  
Deity

To whom we pay this reverence,  
Should we but think her mercy lay confin'd  
Within the circumscribed bounds of con-  
stancy,

Or suppose that that love can ere be limited  
By a promise which Nature has made free;  
Love rests not in a point, 'tis large,  
Diffusive as the Ayre, not like a fiream that  
still

Tends to the Ocean, but like some wandering  
flood

Which at the will and pleasure of the Spring  
Returns unto her bosom: Draw part, Sweet,  
Of that wandering flood to this side of the  
fountain,

Here let it come in a full effusion,

I'll meet its pleasing Billows with a virgin  
Love

That yet remains unstain'd, unproffer'd, un-  
polluted.

*Con* Thou lye'st, false man, 'tis stain'd, 'tis  
proffer'd,

And polluted too.

*Fid.* Nay, blush not, Sweet:

Thou'lt make *Aurora* blush to see her self  
out-gon

In her peculiar excellence.

*Fla.* Let not this crimson have a coloura-  
ble mistake,

'Tis a red flag of just defiance 'gainst thy  
Treachery.

Recant fond man, thou wilt grow odious else,  
More odious to me than my evill *Genius*:

I shall abhor thy sight till penitence

Has washt away this prophanation. Dearest  
of Friends,

If e're thou wilt do a favour to *Flavanda*,  
Haste to *Charastus*, Tell him this man's dis-  
loyalty.

He surely will severely punish it.

*Con.* I obey most willingly.

*Exit.*

*Fid.* Now She's gone, I am not what I  
seem'd

The base abuser of thy constancy: No saw-  
cy flame

Burns now within my veins, 'Tis a religious  
fire,

I cannot stifle it love, but zeal.

Why didst thou sweet suspect me? I was

Too confident to be a Lover: Loves flames  
burn high

Still trembling with their height;

Mine were too base, and too audacious.

Be happy now *Flavanda*, ere that too mor-  
rows Sun

Shall deck these meadows with his beams

*Hymen* shall joyn you to *Charastus*. I was sent  
Not as his Rivall, but his Instrument.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Sce. 4.*

*Horns within.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* This Boar has mist us strangely: I'll  
see

Whither I can trace him in the woods.

*He goes out and enters again.*

No sign at all? 'Tis strange: Where lies  
the wind?

North



North or North-East? He must needs be this way.

Stay: what foot is that? 'Tis fresh and newly printed.

*Musick below ground.*

Ha! Guard me *Diana*: A Rape, a Rape;  
Where flies my ravish'd senses? oh  
From what earthly cave proceeds this heavenly harmony?

Dissolve, dissolve my soul, turn Ayr,  
And Echo forth those blest harmonious accents;

A voyce too? *Orpheus, Orpheus*, begst thou again *Euricide*?

Let amorous Lovers take delight

And glory in variety,

Love still to gaze, though every sight

Ads still unto their misery.

*Song.* I in a Cave

More pleasure have

Loving but one,

Than they that love,

Still to remove

Can in a Throne.

Surely the ground is holy where I tread;

The heavenly Choristers are met to day

To consecrate this wood. Eternall Ministers of heaven

If my rash foot has offended in the disturbance

Of your holy Ceremonies, blame my rude fortune.

Oh let me not wander here in admiration thus,

But send some gentle Ayr to be my guide

Out of this pleasing Labyrinth: Oh *Diana*

Take pity on your servant.

*Eccho. Servant.*

*Ber.* What voyce calls? Art thou a tattering *Eccho*?

*Eccho.* No.

*Ber.* No? what art thou then? Art thou some gentle Nymph

Inhabiting these woods? or art *Dianas* self?

*Eccho.* *Dianas* self?

*Ber.* Most gracious Goddess of these silent groves,

Long has thy servant liv'd the poor admirer  
Of thy excellence, long has he liv'd in ignorance

Of that glory whose true worth to know

Would surfeit Admiration: Tell me, oh tell me,

Mayst thou be seen by mortall eye?

*Eccho.* I.

*Ber.* I will no longer live in ignorance.

I'll seek thee in the deepest caves,

Search the remotest corners of the wood

To view thy splendor. Oh stay then Gentle

Goddess,

Fly not hence, oh stay I come.

*Eccho.* Stay, I come.

*Ber.* Come not to me sweet Goddess,

I am not worth such favour: 'tis happiness enough

For me to seek thee, though I nere should find thee.

Oh come not then, I am thy servant,

I am *Bermudo* stay.

*Eccho.* *Bermudo* stay.

*Ber.* Yes, with a zeal as fervent as the  
Melting Bride expects the wish'd arrivall  
Of the Bridegroom.

*Enter Desdonella from the Cave attir'd like a Sylvan Goddess.*

*Des.* Lye there thou sweet and sole companion

Of my misery, whilst I from out this solitary Cave

Behold the so admired fabrick of the Heavens,

And then contemplate on their excellence.

*Ber.* Eternall piece of chastity, at whose shrine

Pure Virgins offer up unspotted incence,

Lo thus prostrate at thy feet *Bermudo* lies

Offering himself a most unworthy sacrifice:

*Des.* Alas I am betray'd: it is *Bermudo*.

I must dissemble.

*Ber.* Beauteous *Diana*, Goddess of the woods

May I behold thy splendor? As yet I durst not

Lest thy refulgent eyes should blind me for presumption.

Oh draw a veil ore that majestick countenance

I shall be blinded else with too much seeing.

*Des.* Mens weaker eyes must not behold

Divinity in all its lustre: That were a sight

Too glorious, else *Bermudo* I would appear

to thee

D 3

Deckt

Deckt with diviue, and holy ornaments,  
But envious Fates forbid that happines to  
man,

I must assume some other shape  
Before thou canst behold me.

*Ber.* Take any gracious Goddesses so I may  
see thee,  
Couldst thou assume the Devils 'twould be  
lovely.

*Des.* I have thought of one *Bermudo* not  
so terrible  
Though bad enough, what thinkst thou of  
*Desdonella's*

The late dead Princess? thou hatedst her  
alive,

Her shape then surely cannot ravish thee.  
Shall I assume hers?

*Ber.* Oh any gracious Goddesses, any.

*Des.* Arise *Bermudo* then, Look up,  
Behold in *Desdonella's* shape *Diana*; Speak,  
Am I not very like her? Can'st not perceive  
Her tear swoln eyes, her trembling hands,  
And love-sick countenance? Look I not  
Like a true and perfect Lover?

*Ber.* Oh *Desdonella* wert thou now alive,  
I should admire thee;

Thy shape was uever lovely untill now.  
Thou art transparent grown, I can perceive  
Divinity within thee, the reflection whereof  
Dissolves my frozen bosom, and makes me  
stand

Like to a burning Statue, all on fire.

*Des.* Why tremblest so *Bermudo*? can  
*Desdonella's* shape

Of late so odious, make thee tremble?  
Fond man, where's thy Allegiance to *Diana*?  
Wher's now that chastity which so oft  
Vpon mine Altars thou hast boasted?

*Ber.* Pardon Divine Goddesses; no loose  
desire

Causes this sudden alteration, no upstart flame  
Makes me forgetfull of my loyalty;  
'Tis not the outward shape that I admire,  
(Though I must needs confess 'tis excellent)  
There's that within clameth an Adoration,  
And I were worse than sacrilegious should I  
rob

Divinity of its due.

*Des.* Look no more thorough that false  
optick, fear;

Be not so timorous; Divinity is laid aside,

And I am perfect mortall, come, be confident,  
And kiss our hand; why so fearfull?

*He kisses her hand.*

Now for this favour you'l report *Diana* is un-  
chast.

*Ber.* Let me be blasted then; I were more  
impious

Than superstition, should I think a kiss or an  
embrace

Could be a breach of chastity; Those are  
rewards

Given to afflicted goodness; but what merit  
lies in me

Whose just worth from out the center of  
your

Chaster mercies may extract so great a favor  
I must confess I know not, unless I take  
Your liberality for the cause.

*Des.* I am so far from being ingratefull  
unto him

That harbors but a spark of chastity, that I  
suppose

The favour of our hand, a poor  
And trifling recompense for so much virtue;  
But should I offer up a lip to you *Bermudo*,  
You would be civilly fearfull, thinking me  
Vnchast to offer it, and your self  
More impious to receive it.

*Ber.* I were erroneous should I think so;  
Will not the Sun oft-times vouchsafe  
An humble salutation to the earth, and yet  
not lose

One of his chaster glories; far,  
Far be it from me to think, when ere I see  
Approaching beams of Chastity, that I may  
refuse

To meet them with an equall ardour:  
When I consider that the unity of two chaste  
bodies

Makes chastity entirely perfect, I dare put on  
A confidence to salute a Deity,  
Provided alwayes our intents be chaste.  
'Tis not an outward ceremonious action  
That can spot the soul, for could we sin  
And think but chastly, 'twere no fault.  
Arm'd with which opinion I am confident,  
And dare tast the sweetness of that lip,  
And think it lawfull too.

*He kisses her.*

*Des.* Out impudence; That kiss has pul'd  
a ruine on thee.

Hence



## The large Prerogative.

Hence from my sight, make haste,  
Lest my pursuing vengeance overtake thee.

*Exit.*

How neer my Virgin-moestly was forfeited?  
Who can look virtuously with affections  
eyes?

Beware ye vestall Virgins, ye that do make  
Your chastity your Religion, beware of too  
much gazing;

Eyes oftentimes dart forth a lustre  
That will dull devotion were it arm'd  
With all its sacred glories.

*Enter Halisdus.*

*Hal.* How fares it Royall Princess with  
you  
After this wished conference?

*Des.* As with a weary Mariner shipwrackt  
in the Haven.

Many a tedious voyage has this wandering  
bark

Past in the gulf of desperation, yet still was  
ever

Loft in the port of happiness; oh *Halisdus*!

I am grown weary with this saying;

Is there no other way for to be happy,

But by this most infortunate adventure?

*Hal.* Yes Madam, if you'll be advis'd. You  
know

On what condition *Bermudo* holds his  
Crown

Just now with you broke it; If you please  
then

I'll tell your brother of the forfeiture, and so  
To save his life hee'll condescend unto your  
will.

*Des.* Accursed policie to shun a rock

And fall mongst Pyrates; Far,

Far be it from *Desdonella* to enjoy that love

That comes by composition; that were an act

Becoming those that set a common price on  
Chastity,

And sell Repentance unto Prodigals.

True love admits no hire, tis Lust not Love

We bargain for. Grant he has sin'd,

Ought I to punish him: Will ere the Leo-  
pard

Chide the Ermine for being spotted? That  
were

To blame their own deformity in another

Without excusing of themselves.

*Hal.* Thou art too virtuous *Desdonella*:  
None I can blame for thy misfortune but thy  
virtue.

Oh ye powers! Is this that just reward which  
virtue payes?

All will hereafter strive for to be vicious

If excellence must merit misery. Come  
*Desdonella*

I'll to thy Cave, and furnish all thy wants:

Thy virtues glories had they their perfect  
light

Would puzzle all eternity to write.

*Exeunt to the Cave.*

Act. 3. Sce. 3.

*Enter Constantina.*

*Con.* Where am I now? what mak'st thou  
*Constantina* here?

Alas I am come to do a Message,

And have forgot my errand; oh nere re-  
member it.

Could'st thou forget ever, thou mightst be  
happy.

Thou must accuse *Fidelio*; Thou must dye  
first:

Though he has sin'd, thy tongue shall never  
punish him.

Oh *Fidelio* thou art false, false as inconstan-  
cy it self,

False unto me, and to the worlds vast expe-  
ctation too.

Is this the melancholy life thou vow'dst so oft

To lead in *Lelybaeus*? why did my soul

Leave her religious Sanctuary, Countrey,  
friends, and all

To see thee court my ruine in an unknown  
Land?

Should I now chide, and seek Revenge,

I did but Justice, 'Twere equity

No Rigor should I kill thee.

I cannot be so much a woman; oh ye powers

Why made ye me so soft, and him so cruell.

*Enter Charastus.*

Hail gracious sir, these so dejected looks

Speak you *Charastus*: I have a message to  
you,

Would but your eye suffer your ear to hear  
it.

Why do you gaze so? has your divining soul

Fore-told

*Love in it's Extasie: or,*

Fore-told the happy tidings that I bring you?  
If some instinct has forestal'd my errand,  
I shall not need for to relate. I'll only tell  
you sir.

You have a friend, by name *Fidelio*, a Man,  
(A mine rather where scatter'd virtues gather'd up

Lye hoarded in a commixt unity)

If ere perfection was, it is in him. He Sir  
Has spoke your cause so feelingly to *Flavanda*;

Pleaded with such divine and holy Oratory,  
That her love now blazes with such violence  
As I could wish you presently would see her.

*Cha.* Divinest closure of a soul more pure,  
No general pardon sent from Heaven  
Could strike attention in me with so great a  
zeal

As thy commanding voyce as don; dearest,  
Dearest *Flavanda* can'st thou suppose a poor,  
And silly garment can keep me from  
The discerning of thy excellence, that knew  
it,

When I lay a mishapen Embrio in the  
Chaos?

'Tis not a silken cloud, Divinest, that can hide  
the Sun.

*Con.* You do mistake it sure.

This is a Meteor only, reflected from the  
true one.

*Cha.* Those rayes are too too glorious  
for reflections,

They cast a lustre would make

An Angell of *Æthiop*, would not their heat  
Convert him to his wonted colour.

Nor can I think such beams can meet

But in my dear *Flavanda*: Art thou not she?

I prithee say thou art, 'twill ease me some-  
what.

*Con.* Your reason sir will tell you that I  
am not.

*Cha.* Make me not mad I prithee: can  
there be

Two most excellent, two most rare,

Two chiefeft above all, it is a myserie

Beyond two worlds: The Sun admits

No partner of his glory, the *Phanix* no  
partaker,

Why should not she the chiefeft of all wo-  
men

Assume the like Prerogative? Must there be

A divided essence of an united excellence?  
Oh Nature! why didst thou give to man,  
two hands,

Two eyes, two Affections, and but one heart?

Pardon divinest Lady if my too much care

Has made me negligent, there is

A direfull conflict fought within me by two

friends,

Either must have victory by my ruine:

What will that victory yield.

*Con.* I see you are disturb'd sir;

I'll crave leave to return.

*Exit.*

*Cha.* Thus does the Sun flie our Horizon,

Thus Night clad in a misty veil,

Spreads darkness o're the world,

Whil'st mortals wander in obscurity.

Oh Love, thou art too much a wanton;

Thy sport's too serious. VVho fires a  
Church

Or kills his parents may be happy,

Repentance oft will wash away that stain,

But he that loves, loves doubtfully as I,

No tears, no sorrows, nor repentant sighs

Can wipe away his misery, but he must dye

Star'd in the midst of plenty.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* Why so sad *Charastus*? prepare your  
ears

To entertain news that will startle all your  
Melancholy thoughts, and make your pam-  
per'd apperite

Swell high with contemplation of a happi-  
ness,

*Flavanda's* constant, more constant

Than a miser to his gold; The vestal Virgins

At their Altar may be tempted, but not she.

*Cha.* Oh *Fidelio* thou hast abus'd my trust, I  
Sent thee not to praise my constancy, but to  
try hers;

Didst thou not promise me to court her,

Nay court her in thy chiefeft Rhetorick,

To use all the perswasions that thy tongue

Could in civility pronounce?

*Fid.* And so I did, by all that's good, I did.

*Cha.* Thou swearst not by thy self now:  
He is not good that's false unto his friend.

VVhy stir'd'st thou a suspicion in me of her  
constancy,

Yet ne're would seek to prove it?

*Fid.*



*Fid.* What Devil has inspir'd thee with  
this falshood?

*Cha.* It was my better Angel rather  
Sent from Heaven to warn mee.  
Didst thou not flatter me? extoll my loy-  
alty

Beyond its merit? Tell her each sigh I spent?  
What tears her love had caus'd?

But that I know she is constant,  
I should suspect her for thy prayes.

*Fid.* If thou believ'st *Charastus* there is  
faith

Or loyalty in *Fidelio*, ( which surely thou  
oughtst not to suspect )

I tempted her as far as piety and friendship  
Would permit me, yet like a stedfast rock  
she stood

Throwing the insulting billows on the mo-  
vers face.

*Oh Charastus* thou art happy ;  
She is a gem incomparable, and did I know  
What envious tongue had blasted thus our  
reputation,

I'de make it eat its venome:

*Cha.* If thou but heardst, it thou wouldst  
start,

And stand amaz'd to hear such sweetness.

*Fid.* Do not delay your joyes with her  
*Encomium.*

A Priest and your *Flavanda* does expect you  
For to tye that Knot which you before  
Too rashly would have don, had my unlucky  
hand

Not hinder'd it:

*Cha.* Alas *Fidelio* the tide is turn'd ;  
If now you wed me tis unto my grave.

From my divided heart springs a biforked  
flame,

*Hymen* will stand amaz'd to see't, and will  
not tell

At which to light his torch at.

Farewel *Fidelio*, death he needs not fear  
That does desire to meet it every where.

*Exit.*

*Fid.* Oh Love thou art too cruell ! How  
can'st thou tyrannize

Ore his too soft nature ? Hadst thou but eyes  
Thou then would'st pity him, but as thou  
art,

Blind and obdurate, thou shootst at random  
still ;

So fortune guides thy shafts, and alwayes she  
Upon desert spends all her cruelty.

*Exit.*

## *Actus quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Flavanda.*

*Fla.* The lying Painters picture aged time  
With wings at's heels, as if he always  
flew ;

But that their licence warranteth their acts  
I justly might accuse them of their falshood ;  
The time that Love obeys is slow, exceeding  
dull,

Hel'd back with leaden fetters.

Each tedious minute makes a week,  
Each moneth an age, and each delaying year  
Seems fully a Platonnick.

*Enter Charastus.*

*Cha.* Whither despair do'st hurry me ?  
What new found death canst thou invent  
For an inconstant Lover ? If there be one  
Which never yet imagination compass't, let  
me enjoy

Its wisht virginity, I have deserv'd it fully.

*Fla.* Talk not of death *Charastus* now ;  
my arms shall be

Thy living sepulcher, my Bed thy winding-  
sheet ;

*Hymen* shall write thy joyfull Epitaph,  
And Virgins pure shall sing an *Epithala-*  
*mium* for an Elegy ;

We two like to two meeting channels will  
turn one,

One individed and united Body.

*Cha.* Oh *Flavanda* I blush to see thee ;  
I am a villain grown, yet I still dearly love  
thee ;

I am inconstant, Dearest, can'st thou think it?

The sicklest fortune is more stedfast :

The wind oft-times is stable, but my heart  
Wavers at every object.

*Fla.* Have I a Rivall then *Charastus* ?  
Is the stream of your Affection then divided,  
And your Love grown less ?

*Cha.* Not less *Flavanda* ; Streams parted  
with a stop



Run with a greater violence on ei her side,  
Than when they kept united in one channel.

*Fla* I do confesse my unworthiness ; I  
will resign

Unto thy f. either love, could I but think her  
worthy.

*Cha*. Never, oh never, never shall't thou  
do it.

For sooner sure the Gods can separate the  
orbs

Than our so long united Hearts.

*Enter Constantina.*

Were the separation but in Natures power,  
here comes

Those rayes that easily would make the dis-  
solution.

*Fla*. Thou hast made a worthy choyce  
*Charastus*.

I glory in my Rivall more than Lovers in  
their Nuptialls.

This Act confirms your love to me , and  
should I dye

I make no question but my liveless trunk  
Would pleasure in your happiness ; nor  
embrace

Could ye exchange, but I should be partaker  
No kisse without a joyfull blush from my wan  
cheeks

Should joyn your tender lips together.  
Delay not then your joyes for me.

My Love is old and stale ; Heir's fresher  
Than the mayden Rose whose pureness yet

No boysterous hand has touch't prophanely.  
He imitate those friends that take more  
pleasure

For to see some feed, than if they fed them-  
selves.

*Con*. He starve before I'll taste such cates,  
They will infect me with inconstancy.

They're like devouring flames, they still  
turn

All they meet with to their own nature :  
But I will fly them worse than stings of Scor-  
pions,

Or that deadly root, that pallateth the eye  
But poysons still the pallare.

*Fla*. Shun not approaching happiness for  
my sake ;

I am grown old in his affection, and Age  
You know must dye, yet when I am dead

Be not I priethee jealous of my Ghost.

*Con*. If death can end this controversie, 'tis  
fittest

I should yield, when I am dead  
I happily may love him, but never living.

*Cha*. Contend not so my hearts two pa-  
rallels

For what's anothers due ; Death my desert is  
Here I live, like to a needle 'twixt two Load-  
stones,

Paying a trembling reverence to both,  
No full Allegiance unto either.

Oh ye undivided moities of my soule,  
Tear not my heart with your attractive vir-  
tues

Thus by piece-meals, divide it gently,  
Ye both are victors of my better part al-  
ready,

My body is not worth your quarrell.

*Con*. Nor your heart ; we might as well  
Quarrell for fortune, she's as constant.

*Fla*. But not so lovely.

*Con*. Constancy the only beauty, is in  
eyes

That true affection governs, which till *Cha*-  
rastus

Gets again, I shall abhor to see him.

*Fla*. Would I could do so too ; But envi-  
ous Fate

T'wharts my desires, and condemns my hate.

*Cha*. Do I yet live ? remain my senses  
perfect ?

Oh I could rave, tear out my traiterous eyes,  
Dissect my heart, and rend affection from af-  
fection.

Surely I am mad, because I am not mad ;  
Mad men enjoy their happiness, but we

In having reason know our misery.

*Exit.*

*Act. 4. Sce. 2.*

*Enter Constantina.*

*Con*. Where is that boasted constancy  
which so oft

Men use to glory in ? where is that Faith,  
And that eternall Loyalty, which once ex-  
alted men

'Boye Demi-Gods ? Is there not one left vir-  
tuous ?

We

We might have been inconstant by Authority,  
 Custome wou'd have allow'd, it but men,  
 Whose purer souls should harbor most divinity,  
 Are now become less constant far than we  
 That clame no being but from them.  
 Why should we suffer then for what's another's fault?  
 My act shall work a reformation in the world,  
 And man, not woman, shall hereafter be  
 The Proverb to express Inconstancy.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* Kneel you to me Lady?

*Con.* Wonder not *Fidelio* why thus low  
 An unknown Virgin offers her obedience;  
 It is a reverence that we ought to pay  
 When we behold such virtue, and should I  
 Be so uncivilly modest to deny an adoration  
 When duty and affection bind me,  
 The world might justly stile me irreligious.

*Fid.* That modestie I must confess is, in-  
 civilitie  
 That smothers an affection; But what worth  
 in me,

Can stir affection in your chaster breast I  
 know not,  
 And I must needs Lady either be a fool  
 In extolling of my self, or uncivil in con-  
 demning your Judgment.

*Con.* I look not on you fir with superstiti-  
 ous eyes,  
 I cannot make an Idol of perfection,  
 It is your souls *Idea* I admire  
 Whose excellence I have studied long  
 Taught by your *Constantina's* prayles.

*Fid.* You have chose a most unprofitable  
 Subject

For your study Lady, it is so sparing of re-  
 ward  
 That it forgets itself, and must for ever  
 you.

*Con.* It is a study like the Chimick,  
 The end I must confess is hard to gain; but  
 yet

It shews most sweet conclusions to the indu-  
 strious.

Many there are that study it with delight,  
 But none with such a fearfull fervency as I;

Yet though I tremble, I despair not, since she  
 That only had the power to obtain it,  
 Has resign'd it to me for a Legacie, which  
 may

Justly challenge, and you may not without  
 imperty deny.

*Fid.* A Legacie? If she be dead that was  
 Sole Mistress of the Art, the Art must dye  
 too.

*Con.* Mistake me not, she is not dead fir,  
 She has usurp'd another studie only, call'd  
 Obedience to a Husband; for *Constantina*  
 your once betrothed

Is now married to the Duke of *Florence* my  
 only Brother.

*Fid.* She is worse then, her constancie is  
 dead,  
 And with it dies my love eternally.

*Con.* Oh say not so; that was my Legacie  
 given to me  
 By her departing Constancy, and if the Law  
 fulfill

The wills of wicked men, 'tis fit that sacred  
 Constancie's

Should be obey'd. She told me here you liv'd  
 In *Lelyaus* a disguised Shepherd for her  
 sake,

Which made me take this journey and this  
 habit,

And surely had you not a fresher Love,  
 You nere could disobey your *Constantina's*  
 will,

Especially to one so like her.

*Fid.* I must confess thou art so like her,  
 That I should believe what thou hast said is  
 true,

Were I not so confident of her Loyalty.

*Con.* Shall I not be believ'd then?  
 Let her hand perswade you, since my tongue  
 cannot.

*She gives him a Letter.*

*Fid.* This is her seal and Character, I  
 know 'um well;

The direction, To her wrong'd *Fidelio*.

I begin to tremble, my gelid blood  
 Flies fast unto my heart, and calls for venge-

ance. *He reads.*

*Con.* Read and repent false marriage.

*Fid.* Oh heavens! Why of those nume-  
 rous torments will



that attend our sinfull actions, chose you a woman  
to torment me? If that my crime so hai-  
nous was,  
that all your malice joy'd with fortunes  
Could not invent a punishment to equall it,  
tell surely might have furnish'd you,  
You needed not have call'd a woman to your  
councell,  
their malice is above Hels hate,  
but Ple be reveng'd on all their Sex,  
for none I am sure is constant since she is  
false.

*Con.* Be not so confident of our weakness:  
The loving Turtle shall not serve her mate  
With half that faithfulness as I will you.

*Fid.* Hence Ethiopiean Devill; Thou art  
too like her

To be good: I'de rather meet a *Succubus*,  
Embrace a sooty Moore, or dally with a  
Negro's horrid curls.

They may by chance prove constant, but  
thou

Vilt presently deny thou lov'st me.

*Con.* Let me dye eternally, if ever I deny  
I love you.

*Fid.* Then follow me to *Bermudo*, thou  
shalt be the first

le sacrifice to my just anger. Oh men ac-  
curst!

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Sce. 3.*

*Enter Virtusius.*

*Vir.* Oh thou restrainer of our wilder  
actions,

Thou that keepst in awe all raging superflu-  
ities,

Teaching sobriety to the grossest Epicures,  
Could'st thou restrain our wandring imagi-  
nations too

Thou wert a Paradise, but they in the ob-  
scurest places

Wander most, and in the darkest Caves,  
where light

Nere yet vouchsaf't an entrance, oft will see  
A perfect splendor and a full effusion of im-  
materiall Beams

Descending down from an impenetrable po-  
tern.

Thoughts are the Devils chiefest Instru-  
ments.

The holiest Frier in his seclusest Cell  
Oft sins in imagination; The purest Vestall  
At the Altar will oft-times fancy a thing un-  
lawfull;

And should that be the utter ruine of Vir-  
ginity,

Where should we seek it Heavens?

*Enter Bermudo and Thesbia.*

*Thes.* See yonder he is, Great Sir.

*Ber.* Thou art a courteous Jayler; He  
fares

More like a Prince than Prisoner.

*Thes.* I love not Sir to triumph over Mi-  
sery.

*Exit.*

*Ber.* Shepherd, thou hast thy liberty.

The importunate intreaties of *Anthrogonus*  
have commanded it.

See now thou goest, and with submissive  
knees

Be thankfull to his bounty; It is  
But a poor gratuity for freedom.

*Vir.* I scorn that freedom that is given  
Not for desert, but out of curtesie.

Flattery a thraldom is beyond a Prison,  
And I abhor it worse; I'll not thank him  
Nor Heavens for what's my due fir.

*Ber.* Why stubborn fool? What meri-  
lies in thee

Whose just power may chalenge but a favor  
from him?

It was not thy desert that rais'd this pity,  
But his Charity.

*Vir.* His duty rather: true goodness  
Whensoever he sees oppressed Innocence  
Is bound in duty to relieve it.

*Ber.* Is Innocence the ground of your pre-  
sumption?

Shepherd beware lest thy contempt  
Kindle a flame that will consume thee.

Thou hast stir'd the embers, without pre-  
vention

'Twill be dangerous.

*Enter Thesbia.*

*Thes.* Oh smother it a while, Great Sir;  
Let it not spend

As yet its violence: He will accept your  
curtesies.



I know he will ; It was not He, it was  
His modesty that refus'd it ; See how he  
blushes Sir.

Gentle Shepherd, dye not ingratefull to our  
bounty ;

That crime will blot your former innocence,  
And make it seem as loathsome as impiety.

If against me you do conceive this Hate,  
Go but with me, and I'll tell you fir  
She is not dead, *Thesbia* is not dead,  
And reconcile us two in a perpetuall league  
of friendship.

*Vir.* For once I'll try your cunning.

*Ber.* Shepherd choose which you will have,  
A perfect freedom, or a sudden grave.

*Vir.* I shall have both in either.

*Exeunt Virtus and Thesbia.*

*Ber.* Hast thou *Bermudo* with ambitious  
wings

Soar'd 'bove the reach of common thoughts?  
Have I obtain'd that happiness which  
proudest envie

Scarce can pry into ? And must I stoop  
Unto a boyes soft Lure ? Surely some holy  
power

Conceals it self within that pleasant habita-  
tion,

Whose awfull noyse freezes my raging ap-  
petite,

And turns my fury into Charity.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* The hardned Earth made stiffe with  
winters frost

Views not the Sun with such a full alacrity,  
As I your Highness.

*Ber.* A lustfull couple joyn'd in loose em-  
braces

Hate not the approaching Morn with such  
an enmity,

As I your flattery.

*Fid.* Believe me Sir I cannot flatter you.  
My simple honesty leaves that study unto  
them

That seek preferment by it : I never hop'd  
To raise my fortunes by my handsome lying.  
The zeal I bear your lawes has arm'd my  
confidence,

And I do wish I had a thousand unchaft  
Danzels

To present you for a sacrifice.

*Ber.* And I do wish if this be true,  
I had ten thousand favors to requite thee  
with.

*Fid.* My duty Sir, and not those hopes of  
recompence

Has bred this hate, which death shall not ex-  
tinguish,

But my angry Ghost shall hate 'um in *Eli-  
zium*.

The very name of woman is grown odious,  
And I abhor a Lovers sighs worse than the  
ayr

Breathed from infection.

*Ber.* Let me contain thee in my arms thou  
faithfull Champion ;

We two will grow together, and be one,  
One terror to that foolish passion.

*Fid.* I have not earn'd such favor yet.

I would not willingly receive my hire  
Before I have deserv'd it : Let your Re-  
venge

Eat of my labors first ; I can present you  
With a taste, a woman, that dares outface  
Impudence it self, who in despite of all  
your Laws,

And that, which lately I did count  
An ornament of woman, blest mo eſtie,  
Is turn'd a shameless wooer.

*Ber.* If this be true, I'll wear thee here  
My better *Genius* ; Long have I sought out  
such a one.

To make their sex more odious to my eyes,  
But nere till now could find one.

Conscience that food of fools and bane of  
Greatness

Has abus'd me still, making my subjects

To conceal those crimes, which had they  
but reveal'd,

My exercis'd severity ere this

Had bred a Hate, more deadly to their Sex,  
Than raging Dog-dayes, and Plattonick  
men.

Thou art an honest subject, Shepherd, thou  
preferst

Thy Kings content before that Bug-bear  
Conscience,

For which, ask any thing, 'tis thine,

Ask Monopolies, I'll seal 'um all, yet do not,  
They are the rewards of flattery, and can-  
not

Equall thy desert.

*Fid.* Your favor Sir will far exceed my merit.

*Enter Constantina.*

*Ber.* Hast any witness, Shepherd, of the fact?

*Con.* Yes sir, I am his witness;  
I know she loves him, Loves him as her soul,  
And were there but a thing more dear unto her,  
She would love him better.

*Fid.* Oh Audacity: This is she.

*Ber.* She? Unto what height of impudence are women grown?  
Dar'st thou defend thy crime, that thou art grown

So confident?

*Con.* I come not Sir for to defend my crime,  
Or to expostulate with your Highness, for if I did,

I then would tell you, she that loves most truly

Ought to be thought most modest,  
And that affection if but constant does as far  
Exceed your chastity, as Chastity, Incontinence.

*Ber.* Bold woman! Hast thou forgot thy Sex?

*Con.* I think I have, for I cannot dissemble now,

But what I say, proceeds from Truth  
Great as thy Tyranny. I flatter not your Highness,  
Such common Courtship let them use that are

Affraid to dye; My resolution shall outbrave thy rigor,

Use then thy full Authority.

*Ber.* Who waits without?

*Enter Guard.*

Convey that Strumpet hence; ere that the Night

Sheds Poppeys on the Earth, she dyes.

*Con.* Now I shall dye in charity with all  
Since thou art mercifull: For this same curtesie Bermudo

Whilst I live, I'll pray thou may'st repent,  
And when I am dead my obsequient Ghost

Shall wait upon thee still to put thee in remembrance.

*Ex. Guard with Constantina.*

*Ber.* Shepherd, this curtesie has fattened my revenge,  
My raging fury feeds upon this fuell with a devouring appetite,  
And if thou add it not still unto the flame  
Vengeance will lack his prey, and feast on me.

Proceed then in thy holy work, and sooner shall each sence

Forget his Organ, than I my pious instrument.

*Exit.*

*Enter Virsufus.*

*Vir.* Whither so fast *Fidelio*? How fares it friend?

*Fid.* Well.

*Vir.* That well sounds ill me thinks.  
Is this the joy you give my liberty?  
Hast thou receiv'd thy freedom so,  
The calmer Seas when *Halcyons* breed  
Should have appear'd more boysterous than I:  
I'de not have frown'd to see thee free,  
But if some billows did by chance arise,  
I would have turn'd 'um into dancing waves  
For joy of thy security.

*Fid.* Alas *Virsufus*, I am glad to find thee safe, but

My afflicted soul cannot expresse the joy.  
Oh see'st not my heart sweld with revenge  
Extend my stretch't out sides, and can'st thou hope

For any thing but frowns?

*Vir.* Thy looks I must confesse declare a Passion,

But of what nature I am ignorant.

*Fid.* If thou hast lost thy penetrating eye,  
Look upon my face, and there my eyes  
Sparkling forth fire for anger, will give sight to read it by.

Can'st not conceive it yet? See'st thou not a woman there  
Imprinted in the wrinkles of my frowning forehead?

Oh woman, woman, woman!

*Vir.* Come, forget this passion for a while,  
Forget all women, and their virtues too.

*Fid.*



## The large Prerogative.

*Fid.* Alas there is not one left virtuous,  
but are all

As false and as disloyall as thy sister.

*Vir.* I hope you don't suspect her fir.

*Fid.* Yes, and your Mother too.

One man could not beget two contraries :  
Thou art too good to be her Brother, and  
she

Too bad to be *Brabantia's* daughter.

*Vir.* My ears have suck't in poyson, which  
works

Like *Strybium* in my brains. If this be true-  
(Which yet I cannot credit) nor pietie nor  
sisters cries

Shall hold my hand, but I will sacrifice her  
blood

For an atonement to thy anger.

*Fid.* Oh *Virtus* 'tis too true : wouldst  
thou rip ope my heart,

There, there thou mightst behold  
Disloyall *Constantina* writ in bloody notes ;  
There too as in a perspective thou shouldst  
see

The Duke of *Florence's* lustfull eyes

Fixt fast on *Constantina*, whilst the amorous  
Girl

Playes with his wanton hair, and in  
A thousand other wayes invites embraces.

*Vir.* Should Heavens in thunder speak it,  
I durst to contradict 'um.

*Fid.* 'Twill be a less impiety to contradict  
this paper.

*He gives him a Letter.*

*Vir.* It is her seal and Character :  
I'll read no more ; would 'twere her body,  
Thus I'de rend it ; Thus would I tear her  
unchaste limbs,

And blow 'em like to Atomes in the ayr ;  
Thus in contempt I'de spurn her lustful face,  
Bowl with her rouling eyes, and twist her  
hayr

In ropes for executions. Did I but know  
What vein her blood inhabits,  
I'de make a sluice and draw that channel dry  
Though I lay drowned in its gore.

But I am too passionate ; who fury can allay,  
Vengeance may sooner, and securer pay.

*Enter Charastus.*

*Fid.* Oh *Charastus*, never till now unwel-  
come to *Fidelio*.

Thou art too happy now for my companion.  
I have dissolv'd thy Loves ambiguous Rid-  
dle,

And given thy soul a free election,  
By making a necessity of thy choysse.

*Cha.* False and disloyal man, dar'st thou  
yet live

And glory in thy wickedness ? Hast thou a  
Conscience

Not to kill thy self when such a stain com-  
mands thee ?

Oh thou prophaner of all Justice  
Ought he to live that cannot look upon per-  
fection

But with envious eyes ?

*Fid.* My care has not deserv'd these words  
*Charastus.*

*Cha.* Call not that care *Fidelio* which thy  
spleen

Too long has nourish'd, 'tis an inveterate  
Hate

Sent from the fouler mansion of thy soul  
To blast perfection : Is that Physitian care-  
full

That instead of Physick gives deadly poyson  
To his patient ?

*Fid.* No dire mistake was author of my  
charity,

But a Revenge which all their Sex must  
tremble under,

And 'twas my fortune to practise first on her,  
And her honor to precede whole thousands.

*Cha.* Thou art the worst of Mounte-  
banks, they kill

Their poorest Patients for experiments,  
But thou destroyst Patience it self, the rich-  
est Gem

That ever Art envied dame Nature for.

*Fid.* It is the nature of Revenge to punish  
first

Those things from whence they took their  
poyson.

*Cha.* Poyson from her ?

Herein thou shew'st thy venomous disposi-  
tion :

Spiders suck poyson from the sweetest flow-  
ers

When Bees draw Honey. Her words  
Though arm'd to my destruction seem'd to  
me

Adorn'd with more variety of sweetness  
Than

Than ere enricht our *Hybla*, more pleasant  
Than the jucie grape stole from the Vine  
Just at the entrance of maturity ;  
And can they then, can these delicious words  
Distill'd to the invitation of a happinēss be a  
poyson?

'Tis thy bad Nature only that converts to  
naught

What ere the Gods thought, good.

*Vir.* Doat not *Charastus* so on one, whose  
scorn

Makes her condition poorer than her birth,  
Which surely is ignoble. The Kingly Eagle  
Stoops not unto flies.

*Cha.* But yet a Flye mounted on Eagles  
wings

Deserves more commendations than your  
painted Peacocks

That boast but in the gross absurdity of Na-  
ture.

*Vir.* If for to reach a glove dropt from

A neighbouring Queen, be to degenerate  
From Majesty?

What will the world report when they shall  
hear

*Charastus* stoopt to the meanēss of a Shep-  
herdēss?

*Cha.* Art thou disloyall too *Virtusius*? two  
such more

Wou'd learn the Heavens impiety. Aduē  
false friends,

Know my revenge shall be

Fully as ample as your Tyranny. *Exit.*

*Fid.* I dare, vie vengeance with thee at  
the highest.

My heart's as great with rage, and less con-  
fin'd

Within the bounds of charity, tis free,  
Freer than Ayr, it soars aloft, hovering

Like some prodigious Meteor ore all women.  
All shall groan under its heaue weight, all

must sink

Or all my ends will perish.

*Vir.* Not all *Fidelio*, be not so severe :  
Our of

Those numberless thousands that do clog the  
Earth

One may be found unspotted : thy Sisters  
Virtue

Is of sufficient value to redeem a destin'd  
Hecarombē

Of unchaste women, though doom'd by Ty-  
ranny it self.

*Fid.* I do suspect her too ; she is too much  
A woman to be good : Women are all  
The fruits of drunkenness, begot when men  
Like senseless beasts wallow in strange de-  
fires ;

Then coveting to frame a Monster like  
themselves

Nature complying with their avarice, sends  
them

A daughter : How can that Sex then be di-  
vine

That's thus engendred betwixt Lust and  
Wine.

*Vir.* Be more charitable *Fidelio* in your  
opinion :

Blame not all for one.

*Fid.* Charity is cold :

'Twill breed a contrariety in my raging  
breast.

Give me hot fuell: I would be all on flame.  
Feed me with Bridegrooms thoughts, and

let me drink

The fervent sighes breath'd from the truest  
penitence ;

Bathe me in Lovers tears, drie me with  
The fiery palme of some notorious Red-

haired Scrumptet :

I would be a living element of fire

To crosse the new Philosophers opinion.

Yet from this flame I would send one spark

But to the ruine of a woman,

For now I finde the Proverb's verified

He that begets a daughter surely went drunk  
to bed. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Sc. 4.*

*Enter Sperazus and Constantina.*

*Spe.* Daughter this forwardness of yours to  
dye,

Makes me believe you are innocent, and  
now I am

Grown confident that what you said is true,  
Although at first I must confess it startled in-  
credulity:

*Con.* As grave Sir I am not bound with an  
untruth

To wrong myself: so I do scorn

To mitigate my crime with coin'd excuses.



I must confess I am guilty of that sin  
Which now they tax me with : If it be a sin  
Chastly to love, I am most wicked, if not,  
I call the Gods to witness I am innocent,  
For no loose desire has ever yet prophand  
me.

*Spe.* Thou art the purest Virgin living  
then,

Purer than those that think all Love  
An argument of looseness : Who nere knew  
Wine

Cannot be thought abstemius, 'tis the for-  
bearing taster

That is temperate. She that is chaste and ne-  
ver lov'd

Does only good compel'd by ignorance ;  
But she that loves and can be chaste

Enjoys that virtue in its full perfection.  
Such an one, divinest Maid, art thou,

Whom but to ransom from the Tyrants  
Law,

I'd stretch my feeble limbes with vigour on  
the Altar,

And with a zeal undaunted meet the flames:  
So with them should my soul aspire

Beyond the reach of gross mortality.

*Con.* And do you envie me that happiness ?  
Is not my soul as free as yours to expiate

Its own transgressions ; The Gods I am sure  
Desire a Sacrifice though spotted, if offer'd

By the repentant sinner, more than whole  
Hecatombs

Bestow'd by Innocence.

*Spe.* Thou pleadst divinely gainst thy self:  
thy only fault

Is too much goodness, which lest the Hea-  
vens

Should not know how to pardon, by want-  
ing of a president,

I'll furnish thee with showres of tears  
To make a flood wherein thy soul may float

In peace unto security.

*Con.* Reserve them for some other sub-  
ject ;

I make no question but to dye for him  
Will be both penance and a pardon. Could  
my heart

Be but so kindly stubborn to resist my  
thoughts oppressions,

And not break till I endure this martyrdom,  
I should receive the joyfull Crown of im-  
mortality.

*Spe.* Let not the thought of that, divinest,  
trouble thee ;

Here is a juyce distilled from *Nepenthe*,  
Drink it,

And the remembrance of thy former mis-  
eries

Will flye thy imagination.

*He gives her a Viall.*

*Con.* Alas I dare not take it : my life  
Is so short a moment, that I shall nere re-  
quite you,

And I would not willingly dye ingratefull.

*Spe.* I owe both this and far more to thy  
virtue.

Farewell thou mirrour of all goodness ;  
Take these my tears, my prayers, my sighes,

Companions of thy journey, and when thou  
art amidst

Those sacred flames, they'll help to waite thee  
to eternity.

*Exit.*

*Con.* Right heavenly Sir adue.

*Spe.* Where were thy eyes *Fidelio* ?  
This will be news

Will make thy affrighted blood start from  
thy veins,

And turn thee more pale than she consum'd  
to Ashes.

*Exit.*

*Act. 4. Sce. 5.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* Now sayles our wishes with a sted-  
dy course,

The tottering bark poiz'd by a seconds help  
Floats safely on the Maine. But yet be not

Too credulous fond man, the ballance is un-  
certain,

And should that sail the shipwrack would be  
deadly.

Trust not too much unto a friend ; Oppor-  
tunity

Base mischiefs Bawd to them is too obse-  
quious.

*Brutus* could pierce great *Cæsars* side  
When *Pompey* could not ; Mistrust then all

*Bermudo,*  
Be intimate with none : 'Tis State policy.

A Snake though foster'd in a Kings own bo-  
some  
Will grow at length as mischievous as un-  
controulable,  
And pierce that breast that nourish'd it.

*Enter Charastus.*

*Cha.* Ye silent Ministers of Night  
Send your Cimmerian darkness ore the  
world,  
Choak up the Sun with fogs and misty va-  
pours,  
Let it be night eternall, or let my eyes  
Drop from their hollow caverns, that I may  
never see again  
So gross impiety.

*Ber.* What fury does transport thee?

*Cha.* In what foul part lies my accursed  
memory?

I'll tear it out, and be a lump of dead for-  
getfulness.

Entombe ye just Heavens within oblivious  
Cave,

I would forget my self, my all, so with them  
I might forget that wickedness

Which these my eyes were witnesse off.

*Ber.* What art thou frantick fellow?

*Cha.* Pardon dread Sovereign if my rage  
Has slack't my due obedience. Fury so  
blinded me

I could not see those rayes which from your  
Majestie

Shoot in a continued lustre.

Oh Modesty where's now thy ruddy wings?  
Where is that bashfull trembling which so  
oft

I have seen adorning Country Mansions?  
Why liv'st thou now an exile in the woods  
Banisht from Court and City?

*Ber.* The man is mad.

*Cha.* I would I were great King so this  
were false:

Oh Sir, your Court is spotted with such Lust  
As can command a blush for ever in my  
cheek to think on.

*Ber.* Ha! my Court?

*Cha.* Yes, your Court, that Holy Temple  
Where Justice and Religion hand in hand  
Walks in a happy unitie, is now become  
The sink of foul impiety.

*Ber.* My Court become a brothell house  
of Lust?

*Cha.* These two unhappy eyes saw two  
Melting in close embraces, Kissing each  
other with such fervencie  
As if their lips desir'd to be united and be-  
come

An individuall happiness; Alas my chaster  
tongue

Cannot express those amorous tricks  
Which their hot appetites belcht out  
To teach old Lust a new lasciviousness.

*Ber.* Swell higher yet my rage;  
Thou art at too low an ebb to punish such  
impiety,

Swell till your channels crack;  
Let a generall inundation break the banks  
And turn to ruine all it meets with.

Their two deaths cannot alone dissolve  
This mass of wickedness: Thousands must  
dye

To expiate this crime, if it be true.

*Cha.* 'Tis too true great Sir; your eyes  
Shall be witness of it, if you'll be pleas'd to  
follow.

*Ber.* Lead on.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Sce. 6.*

*Enter Constantina and Thesbia.*

*Con.* The holy absolution of the Priest  
Sings not so glad a *Requiem* to my departing  
soul

As this thy comfortable presence; Do not,  
Oh do not then obscure thy self with ill be-  
seeming tears,

I shall suspect thou think'st me still unchaste,  
And spend'st these tears to purifie my spot-  
ted Conscience.

*Thes.* When friends do part but for a  
week or so,

Their weeping eyes the emblems of their  
troubled hearts

Will let fall tears, and shall we

That now must part eternally

Denie our souls that charitable sacrifice?

Thou a long journey *Constantina* now must  
take,

Who knows whither I shall see thee more.

*Con.* Alas poor soul, weep not for my fe-  
licity.

It is a glorious place that I shall go too.

*There*



# The large Preervative.

There in a golden firmament enameld with  
bright stars,

Amidst a thousand Virgins I shall hear  
Eternall harmony, still founding, and still  
pleasant,

There fragrant smells shall never cloy  
My fainting appetite though still presented  
odoriferous.

And canst thou weep because thy friend  
Must go to such a Paradise?

*Thes.* I weep not dearest because thou  
goest,

But that I stay behind; Could I accompany  
thee,

No Vessall Virgins at the Altar should appear  
With such a joyfull countenance: But since  
I here must live

A walking Ghost pent in an earthy sepul-  
chre,

It would be impudence to refrain from tears;  
Weep on then *Thesbia*, let thy eyes  
Flow with a continued moysture, to drain  
these fens

Will puzzle all projecting undertakers.

*Con.* My weakness can resist no longer.  
These tears proclame thy triumph;  
We two like two *Niobes* will shed tears  
Till we become one Fountain.

*Enter above Charastus and Bermudo.*

*Cha.* See great Sir how close they are?  
Oh do you start Sir?

*Ber.* Ha! *Anthrogonus*, I would my eyes  
were lightning  
For to blast thy spotted soul, yet leave thee  
still as fair.

*Cha.* With what affection they embrace?  
See how their wanton heads wearied with  
kissing

Hang like two drooping Lillies on each  
others shoulder,

Their very eyes to sympathize with them  
Melt into tears.

*Ber.* My rage involves a thunderbolt, this  
poor thin cloud

Cannot contain it long; 'twill out to all our  
ruines.

Oh *Anthrogonus* little canst thou think  
What raging sorrows boyle within my  
breast

At this sad spectacle; The sight of such im-  
piety

Feeds on my heart worse than *Cantharides*,  
Or the deadly sting of a foul Conscience.  
My eyes shall be no more your Pander.  
Take heed fond fools, *Bermudo* comes  
Arm'd to destruction:

*Exit.*

*Cha.* Thus climbs Revenge: thus her  
aspiring head

One step has mounted, ere to the top it  
comes

Your hearts false men shall feel its rigor.

Sleep on fond Boy, thou hast a soft but fa-  
tall pillow,

Had not *Bermudo* lov'd thee, nor thou sav'd  
thy lives,

Thou mightst have liv'd, but now

To punish three thou diest.

Thus by degrees Revenge must rise

Who straight brings death knows not to ty-  
rannize.

*Exit.*

*Bermudo within breaks open the doors  
upon them.*

*Con.* Alas we are betrayed.

*Thes.* I care not I since Innocence is my  
guard.

*Enter Bermudo and Guard.*

*Ber.* Seize on that lustfull couple.

*Thes.* Why this violence? ye needed not  
have come

Thus armed to betray our innocence:

That weak resistance we could make

One word might have subdude, but if you  
think

To fright us with your strength, know we  
have

A guard about us shall confront your hopes.

*Ber.* Guilt's a sufficient terror to it self,  
It needeth no addition; but Justice as it  
strikes

So must it speak, like thunder.

*Con.* Should it strike here, it would be  
truly so;

The holiest Temples oft are struck with  
thunder.

Should you but take his Nature and destroy  
So pure an edifice as his, it were no Justice  
But prophane severity.

*Thes.* Plead not for me: I dare his utmost  
rigour,

In that he will be constant, and constancy I love

Be it in cruelty.

*Ber.* My cruelty will but waver when it flowes on thee.

Oh that such tender years can be so old in wickedness.

Hadst thou a soul *Anthrogonus* as pure  
As its inclosure thou mightst have been  
Entron'd a Deity for mortals to have wonder'd at.

Wouldst thou yet live? There is a strange  
Conflict thou within me, by Piety and Affection.

*Thes.* Let not Affection pull a curse upon you.

It is not in the power of your Majesty  
To spare my life and take hers, unless you will be

More impious in breaking of your Lawes,  
Than you were pious in the making them.

*Ber.* 'Tis true *Anthrogonus*, thou canst not live  
Without I violate Religion; Thy body must

Within an odoriferous cloud ascend the Skies

To crave a pardon for thy soul.

*Con.* The Gods require no humane sacrifice.

Mercy if offer'd in a free oblation, is the only incense

They delight in. I am enough to satisfy the Law,

Make not Religion fir too great a Butchery,  
Your pity and his repentant tears

Will be a sacrifice more sweet,  
Than all the Cookery of humane entrails.

*Ber.* Witness ye Gods with what unwilling hands

I offer up this sacrifice; But Laws must be obey'd

When piety commands, though to the makers ruine.

Kings that make Laws to entrap others, may  
With their own plots by chance themselves betray.

*Exeunt.*

Ask of my heart, for that would never be  
At quiet till I had seen thee,  
But rowling still in my disturbed breast  
Prompted my soul to dye not stain'd with  
such forgetfulness.

*Fla.* Thy immaculate mind tells me thy  
soul is pure,

I should suspect the heavens before its  
whiteness:

The alabaster Mines helpt by the Suns reflection

Cannot shew a piece so candid. (one,

*Con.* I cannot boast its colour, 'tis a soul  
And ere I dye, it will be one continued spot

More ugly than deformity it self: There is  
A crime that I must perpetrate, or else my Ghost

Cannot rest quiet in its urne.

*Fla.* There is no crime so horrid, but thy  
former goodness

Has made a virtue: One drop of poyson  
Pour'd into the Ocean, polluteth not the water,

But clears it self and adds unto the stream.

*Con.* Ingratitude is a sea of venome,  
Which my malicious soul has entertain'd,  
And must discharge her poyson upon thee;  
Thou that hast been the partner of my sorrows

Must now become the subject of my malice.

*Fla.* Thou canst not find a fitter subject,  
I dare

Encounter with the deadliest poyson thou  
canst give

And think it a preservative.

*Con.* Mine is the worst of venomes;  
If thou but tak'st it, 'tis not thy body only  
That must perish, but thy soul too.

To what sure destruction do I run on either  
side?

If I refuse to sue unto thee, I am ingratefull,  
And if I do, the same stain brands me still.  
Canst thou be inconstant? wonder not *Fla-  
vanda*

Why I ask so rude a question,

For by thy inconstancy, I must be proved  
constant,

Thy weakness must be my triumph,  
And thy disloyalty my eternall glory.

To ask thee now whether thou couldst leave  
*Charastus* Were

### *Actus quintus. Scena Prima.*

*Enter Constantina and Flavanda.*

*Con.* If thou wilt know a reason why I sent  
for thee,



Were a Tautology as absurd as to name,

*Flavanda*

And most excellent, I know thou dost  
Already understand me.

*Fla.* Yet I am ignorant for whom thou  
pleadst.

*Con.* I plead for one that loves thee with  
an ardour

More fervent than *Charastus*, one that will  
not waver

When he sees whole Chataracks of beauty,  
much less

At the small suspicion of a feature. *Fidelio*  
Is the man ; which ought you to respect then  
most

Him that left me for you, or you for me ?

*Fla.* Be not mistaken *Constantina*,  
That love that he profess'd to me was only  
feign'd :

*Charastus* sent him but to trie me.

*Con.* I prithee say not so ; thou wilt undo  
A Virgin with a truth ; if he be constant,  
How impious then was my suspicion.

*Fla.* When you were gon, he told his  
treachery,  
And with what plots he sought for to betray  
me.

*Con.* No more.  
Thou hast returnd my poyson to the full ;  
The false suspicion of his Loyalty heaps sin  
on sin.

My soul's one leprosie so foul,  
That surely the flames in which I must be sac-  
crific'd

Will 'gainst their Nature downwards tend,  
And hurry me to Hell. Oh *Fidelio*, never  
before

I wisht thee false : thy constancy will be my  
ruine.

*Enter Fidelio.*

*Fid.* Oh *Constantina* here shall my knee  
take root,

Untill thy voice denounce my sentence :  
This penitence  
Entreats no pardon, 'tis Justice rather Rigour  
I desire.

*Con.* Let this suffice  
To shew my duty and my penitence : could  
I fall lower

My ambition to out-go thee in humility  
Should force me down.

*Fid.* Kneel'st thou to me ? the earth shall  
not resist me,

But my obedient soul shall press me down,  
Till nature bids me stay , lest I should  
Violate her Lawes by falling upwards.

*Con.* I thou canst not kneel *Fidelio* and I  
stand,

When the Sun is down, the exhalations fall:  
Arise, and I will personate those vapours.

*Fid.* Thy sentence must dissolve my fro-  
zen joynts

Or I shall fall again : Canst thou forgive me ?

*Con.* Canst thou forgive me ?

*Fid.* No, I cannot ; it lies not in heavens  
power

To forgive where none is guilty : A pardon  
Does belong unto a Conscience stain'd with  
wickedness,

But thou art innocent, so innocent  
That the purest Chrystall will confesse some  
spots

To see thy whiteness.

*Con.* To make me clear, prove not your  
self disloyall.

Or you inconstant are, or I more stain'd  
Than misbelieving Atheists with my incre-  
dulty.

*Fid.* Thou art become more glorious by  
thy incredulty :

Thou couldst suspect, and yet be virtuous.  
Thou thoughtst me false, yet lov'd me still,  
When I upon a supposition sought Revenge,  
And most unluckily obtain'd it.

*Con.* Yet I was Author of thy crime :  
My soul suspicion was thy sins sad president.

*Fid.* Thou mak'st my sin appear more  
horrid :

Thy suspicion was but the confirmation of  
thy constancy,

And were that a President to me  
How wicked then were I for to be vicious  
Because thou wert virtuous.

*Con.* I cannot conquer you with argu-  
ments, yet

In civility you must yield: contend not with  
a woman ;

That victory will be no glory surely ;  
You must not first deny me that : See,  
My soul pours out it self in a petition.

*Fid.* Weep'st thou *Constantina* : I'll  
plough the earth,

And sow those precious seeds, wee'l have  
A crop of Pearl, more glorious than the Ori-  
entall :

*Venus* shall have a neck-lace of these Gems,  
*Dianas* Virgin Zone these beads shall beau-  
tifie,

The other Deities shall labour in our Har-  
vest,

And think one seed a pay too prodigall.  
Weep Sweet no more, thou hast shed enough  
To purchase immortality, I prithee weep no  
more

Left I be forc't to sow my Tares  
Among that heavenly grain.

*Fla.* How well those drops become them?  
the pleasing dew

Adds not a greater lustre to the Rose.  
With what a sweet variety they flow?  
How prettily they sport in method?

*One Knocks.*

Alas ! one knocks *Fidelio.*

*Fid.* I will not wake to hear him. Tell  
him

I say I will not ; in this sweet slumber  
I'de not disturb the Heavens with a petition,  
Or should they call , I would refuse to hear  
them.

*Enter Arontas.*

*Aron.* Most noble Shepherd , the King  
expects you in the Temple,

For to see the sacrifice , and you fair Shep-  
herdess

( I am sorry I must become so sad a messen-  
ger )

Must presently prepare to suffer. *Exit.*

*Fid.* Never did voyce jar hoarser in my  
ears,

Oh what a hellish sound it leaves !  
Hells three-mouth'd Porter joyn'd to *Scyl-  
la's* quire

Cannot howl out so sad a Message.  
Prepare to suffer ? VVhat is that ?  
Comment on those sad words sweet Hea-  
vens,

Unfold that hideous mysterie : I dare not  
think

Upon the exposition 'tis so horrid.  
Know'st thou what 'tis to suffer ?

*Con.* Yes, 'tis to dye, and be immortall.

*Fid.* Death is the common rode to im-  
mortality ; men

VVhose lives abhor'd all virtue but Repen-  
tance,

In abundant troops , flock by that common  
High-way,

And shall she whose Virgin soul no thought  
has blemish'd

Find no unknown path peculiar to such ex-  
cellence?

*Con.* To dye a spotless sacrifice is a glo-  
rious path

Nere trod on but by them whose Saint-like  
presence

Still addeth to its curiositie : The Altar is  
no funerall Pile,

That melts its suell into Ashes, but a refining  
fire,

As gentle as those flames from which  
The purified Gold receives it lustre.

*Fid.* Oh do nor deceive thy self : How  
often do we see

The Sacrifices perish, and nere return  
More glorious by their sufferings.

*Con.* 'Tis true, that fire that cleanses but  
the Gold

Consumes the drosser Mettalls : Had beas'ts ,  
Our common sacrifices, but souls confirm'd  
divine

By Innocence and Reason , we might adore  
'um

On our Altars without the blot of supersti-  
tion:

*Fid.* If death must purchase immortality,  
Thou must not, shalt not be immortall :

There is a debt due unto Nature for thy  
goodness.

Live here an everlasting mortall then and  
pay it.

The glory freely given unto desert  
Is greater than if purchas'd.

*Con.* But who can give it ? 'Tis not in  
Natures power.

She frames goodness for the Heavens ;  
There I must live, hem'd in with happiness :  
There no felicity will be wanting, but when  
These tears makes me remember thee.

*Fid.* Let not the thought of me thy mur-  
derer

Disturb thy happiness : I will revenge thy  
quarrell to the full.

Something must be done : Farewell thou  
heavenly Candldate ;

Thou



Thou hast a place selected amongst the Deities

Where thou must sit and teach the ignorant world

That constancy, which none but thou couldst ever boast of.

I shall betray a womanish passion in me  
Should I stay longer. Farewell thou new  
elected Deity. *Exit.*

*Con.* My Tears so stop my speech, I cannot  
Bid Farewell.

*Enter Thesbia.*

*Thes.* What weeping *Constantina*? Can  
the fear of death

From out the circle of thy purest innocence  
Draw such a faintness.

*Con.* The senseless trees, Hearbs, plants,  
and flowers

In dewy tears lament the Suns sad absence,  
and shall I

Deny that duty to *Fidelio* when a sad Eclipse  
Must hide him from me to eternity.

Tears are not Emblems of a faint belief,  
The hottest dayes melt often into showers.

Oh *Thesbia*! my heart will break,  
And cheat the Altar of its sacrifice.

*Thes.* Here, drink this *Nepenthe's* juice  
then,

'Twill ease thy heart, do not refuse it, the  
Priest

Just now bequeath'd it to me as an heavenly  
Cordiall.

*Con.* What had I forgot? See here's the  
same.

Oh 'twas a Holy man; He would fain have  
died

To save my life.

*Thes.* So would he to have sav'd mine:  
Trust me

He made me weep to see his silver tears  
Distill in such abundance from his eyes;

My dear, dear father could have don no  
more.

*Con.* Lets then on bended knees in adora-  
tion of his charity

Wish that the Heavens will never be in-  
gratefull,

But still showre down on his deserts a due  
felicity.

*Thes.* Upon our knees we wish it;  
And as this juice from our orecharged souls

Expels our miseries, so may his sorrows van-  
ish.

*They drink.*

'Tis down. My congeled blood late frozen to  
my heart

Dissolves, and with a quick agility  
Leaps in my new-fill'd veins. My thoughts

have pleasant fuell,  
And every sense is ravish't with an unknown

happiness.

*Con.* I am strangely alter'd; I have forgot  
The principle end of my creation, to be mi-  
serable.

Come sit down, I have a great mind  
To imitate the dying Swans upon *Cajsters*

Banks,  
And sing my funerall Elegie.

*She sings.*

Swell swell my thoughts, and let my Breast  
Receive with joy eternall Rest,

Swell higher yet, faint not to see  
The end of all thy misery.

Death's but a sleep,  
Then do not weep,

But with desire  
Embrace the fire

So shall thy soul, so shall thy soul, aspire  
Unto a place where it shall see

Eternall Crowns of Majesty  
Attending on its pompous train

Uncompel'd, without disdain:  
Then let not fire,

Make thee retire,  
Nor yet deny

This obsequie.  
Left in despair, left in despair thou dies

Then let not fire  
Make thee retire,

Nor yet deny  
This obsequie.

Left in despair, left in dis-pair—*she sleeps.*

*Fla.* Thus ceast the dying Nightingale,  
enamored sleep

Delighted with thy Harmony stole the last  
accent

From our ears. *Thesbia*! what has her voyce  
Hush'd thee into a slumber too, and lest me

here  
The sole resister of its power? Sleep on  
sweet souls,

And

And when ye wake, think it no pain  
If ye be forc't too soon to sleep again.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. See. 2.*

*An Altar discover'd : Loud Musick.*

*Enter Bermudo, Arontas, Spadatus, Halif-  
dur, Virtusius and Fidelio.*

*Ber.* What means this silence Shepherd ?  
me thinks you look

As if you were at some most solemn funeral,  
Where the corps of an endeared friend is to  
be interr'd :

These visages become that place ; but when  
you go

To salute the heavenly Deities with your  
free oblations,

You must put on a far more pleasing counte-  
nance

That the Gods may pleasure in your offer-  
ings,

And delight in your burnt sacrifice.

*Fid.* My divining soul great King, foretels  
An universall ruine in this sacrifice,

A generall nummes prompts my heart unto  
a sad,

And deadly melancholy : Surely I have of-  
fended.

*Ber.* Yes in thy drooping zeal. Come, let  
not fear

Hinder that devotion, which thou beganst  
With such a noble resolution, to thy immor-  
tall glory.

*Fid.* I do conjure you Sir by that hate which  
Conceive gainst women ; By your Crown,  
by your Scepter,

By all the Gods I do conjure you  
To spare this humane sacrifice.

If you needs must offer to their Deities,  
Surfet their Altars with the richest gums,  
Fetch forth the Phœnix nest for an oblation,  
Or let the world lament the loss of all their  
cattle,

Prophane not thus their Altars with a wo-  
mans blood.

*Ber.* Thou hast won so much on me by thy  
former service,

That to deny thee now were a most vild in-  
gratitude

Did not the Gods require it : my vow to  
Heavens is past

And cannot be recall'd, to promise them  
The malefactors for an offering, and then  
Cheat 'um with a sheep or some such trifle,  
Is not to sacrifice but defraud.

*Fid.* The Gods nere feast on humane en-  
trails,

Their Nectar is not mortalls blood :

Think you their stomachs have so base an ap-  
petite

To hunger after that which men do loath ?

Repentance is their banquet, the steam of  
servent sighes

Their food, and tears nor blood's the potion  
they delight in :

*Ber.* Be not ingratefull Shepherd ;  
Strive not, for my love, to make me impious :  
Justice and fidelity commands them for a  
sacrifice.

*Fid.* Sacrifices must be pure, not spotted ;  
The fairest beasts are destin'd to the Altar.

*Ber.* The sinner gets his pardon sooner  
By his own sufferings, than if h'ad suffer'd  
by a Proxee.

*Fid.* I did belye her Innocence, believe  
me Sir

She is innocent, as innocent as the new-be-  
gotten child.

*Ber.* To purge a sin, oft-times a Lamb  
must dye,

And so shall she, our zeal will be the greater.

*Fid.* Rather your impiety :  
Who offers up one Godhead to anothers ho-  
nour ?

Be not so irreligious to destroy that gem,  
Which I adore, as a resplendant Deity  
Sent from Heaven, to beautifie the earth.

*Ber.* Take heed ; Be not so fondly super-  
stitious.

Thus to contract a Deity to a Beast.

*Fid.* A Beast ! can Heavens heare this,  
And no thunderbolt tell the proud King he  
lyes ?

A beast ! wert thou arm'd with thunder,  
Or were it but to see thee ten thousand  
deaths,

Nor piety, nor Religion should withhold me,  
But I would tear that venomous tongue out,  
And hang it like a lying Meteor in the Ayr.

*Ber.* He grows frantick : Alas poor man,  
He deserves my pity more than anger.

*Fid.* Where sleeps your Justice now ?



Rouze up your drouffie headed Lawes  
To take revenge on him that dares their ut-  
most.

*Solemn Musick.*

*Ber.* Whence this sad Musick?

*Enter Speraxus, Flavanda, and others bring-  
ing in Constantina and Thesbia, veild  
All in a solemn manner.*

*Fla.* Cease your petitions : it lies not in  
the power

Of your prayers, nor his mercy to recall 'um :  
Fate has deceiv'd the Altar Sir; The Lambs  
That should have been the sacrifice, are dead.

*Ber.* Dead !

*Fla.* Yes ; Your threats great King has  
prov'd

Their executioner : Imagination that unna-  
turall flame

Has not consum'd, but broke their tender  
Hearts.

Here you may see the ruines of those well-  
built Temples.

*She unveils them.*

*Fid.* Ha! Heavens vanish't unto Heaven ;  
Why did'st thou steal thy death divinest ?

Why did thy flitting soul coast so away,  
And give no warning to thy friends ?

Hands off ye dogs, do not deny the Gods their  
sacrifice.

*He snatches at a Sword, and the  
Guard hold him.*

Me thinks the *Genius* of the world doth  
stagger ;

The affrighted Earth turns round, and sends  
forth

Foggy trees, in a continued lamentation for  
its loss :

The Heavens stand still to entertain her ex-  
cellence,

And all the Planets turn to Constellations  
With amazement : *Copernicus*, thy opinion

Now is verified.

*Ber.* Most reverend father, though cruell  
destiny

Has abrig'd part of our triumph by their  
deaths

Yet to manifest our duty, in all ceremonious  
order

Let their corps be sacrific'd.

*Spe.* I dare not Sir pollute the Altars

With a dead oblation : High Heavens will  
be displeased

With our offerings ; The very beasts abhor  
the dead.

Let but their bodies be inter'd, & then come  
And offer a few prayers, and without doubt  
The Deities will be appeas'd.

*Ber.* Your will shall rule us *Exeunt.*

*Manent Fidelio and Virtusius with  
Constantina and Thesbia.*

*Fid.* Oh death, thou grand Commissioner  
of Fate,

Seize these my vitall spirits, since she is gon  
Whose warmer breath so oft has nourish'd  
them.

What ! canst thou not hear now Death ?

Art thou grown astonish't at thy late got  
prize ?

Assume her quickly heavens; Death wil forget  
His office else and let the populous world  
Surfet with multiplicity.

*Vir.* Did ever traveller so faint to see  
The end of all his travells ? Has all my wea-  
ried steps

Tended to this Home, and tremble I to be-  
hold it ?

Where be those pleasing smiles, those  
wheeling eyes,

And that harmonious voyce, which once did  
call me, Brother ?

Are all gon ? Has death ravish't thy Virgin  
blushes too,

To adorn thy soul translated to some Deity ?

*Fid.* That new star which the Astrono-  
mers of late

*(Ger,*

Observ'd in *Cassiopeia*, was but thy Harbin-  
Sent to prepare that roome to entertain thy

excellence :

There thou must set, Queen Regent of the  
Constellation ;

Oh be my *Zenith* ever !

Lend me thy influence to direct my actions,  
And sooner shall the Adamant forget the

North,

Than I thy sacrifice.

*Vir.* What Justice would not stagger

To condemn such excellence ? what Tyger  
almost famish'd

Would not stand amaz'd, and rather starve,  
Than make a prey of such perfections ?

*Fid.* Why mad'st her Nature of such  
goodness,

And toekt no care for to preserve her ?

Me thinks those lips, soft and as ruddy  
As the purest wax, invites impression.

*He kisses her.*

Heavens, be not jealous If I kiss her.  
They're warme : a crimson blush begins  
To beautifie her cheeks, and sayes I was im-  
modest :

Oh Heavens ! She stirs too ; Now for some  
glorious apparition.

*Con.* What new fire burns my polluted  
breast ?

Whence come these unknown flames ?  
Guard me some chaster power ; good provi-  
dence

Redeem this Temple from a prophanation.

*Fid.* Thou hast mistook thy way divinely ;  
Heaven

Lies not here ; That has a narrow path  
Nere trod on but by vertue ; Go, Knock  
At Repentance gate, one tear of thine

Will easily compell an entrance : Thy  
goodness surely

Is not ignorant, it is thy charity only  
To enrich the earth again with thy diviner  
presence

That has caus'd this wilfull error.

*Con.* If thou bee'st here, I'll seek no other  
path,

This is the only way my wishes aim at.

*Fid.* Keep off ; The beams of thy divinity  
Will consume me ; I begin to melt ;

My knees more stubborn than the Elephants  
Bows down in adoration with thy lustre.

*Con.* I cannot tell what strange effects  
Sleep has procur'd upon my outward shape ;  
My thoughts are sure the same, they have

*Fidelio*

Still their subject, which makes me confident  
That I am not chang'd, but still am *Constantina*.

*Fid.* Thou art some Goddess rather, which  
To appear more glorious has assum'd her  
shape ;

Alas, the Heavens has stole her soul  
For an immortall Pyramide, and it would be  
Too great a prejudice to it, should it return  
From such celestiall happiness.

*Con.* I am transfor m'd in nothing but my  
tongue,

That once was powerfull to charme belief ;  
Vvher's now its vain Authority ? *Thebia*  
I prithee sweet awake, and tell thy incredu-  
lous Brother

That I live, yet straight must dye

Kild with his most misjudging charity.

*Vir.* 'Tis she ; oh *Thebia* my dearest  
sweet, Awake

Awake, *Virtus* calls thee ; Depart not in a  
dream ;

Let not thy soul be ravish'd with those joyes  
Which heaven presents thee with ; good sleep  
Be not so cruell to be eternall.

*Enter Speraxus.*

*Spe.* Trifle not time *Fidelio* with these  
Ceremonies ;

Arise, 'twas only sleep caus'd by a potion  
That deceiv'd the King.

*Fid.* May I believe you ?

*Spe.* Belive your senses, why so fearfull ?  
She's no Ghost. (pure

*Fid.* Liv'st thou *Constantina* ? thou art so  
I do suspect it.

*Thef.* What pleasing waves rocks my de-  
lighted soul ?

How is it tost within a gulf of happiness ? Ha !

*Vir.* Let it float still, divinely, the ena-  
mor'd waves

Will be made happy by its presence.

Nay, fly not *Thebia* from the Haven :

Here are no trayterous sands, no sudden  
storms,

Nor unseen Rocks to ruine thee. All

Is as free from danger as thy wishes.

Why casts thou Anchor ? Hop'st thou to be  
securer

In that miserable Ocean ? Oh *Thebia*

Thou wilt raise storms in that securer Port  
If thou deniest an entrance.

*Thef.* Surely you do mistake me Sir.

*Thebia* was a woman, and can you love her,  
And think her so immodest to turn man.

*Con.* Thou canst no longer *Thebia* lye  
conceal'd,

He knows All.

*Thef.* Ha'st thou betraid me *Constantina* ?  
Oh let me sink under my shames sad burthen.

*Vir.* Wee'll sink together then ; thou and I  
Will be each others monument.

*Spe.* No more !

I heare *Bermudo* coming : true Lovers care  
Will in possession oft-times breed despair.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. Sce. 3.*

*Enter Bermudo.*

*Ber.* My Plots still fail, and all my shafts  
Shor



Shot gainst resisting walls

Bring back a ruine to the sencer that sacrificie

Wherewith I thought to expiate my crime  
Fate has converted to a murder so horrid,  
That I must sink, or get a pardon for devotion.

Oh how my grovelling soul preste down with wickedness

Rowles like the imprison'd wind  
Pent in the hollow caverns of the Earth,  
Finding no vent to aspire, but still must lye  
Under the heaveie weight of foul impiety.

Repentance must redeem it from its thralldome, a Ransome

Which I dare not think on lest envious Fates  
Should turn that too into a wickedness.

The greatest are not still the best I see,  
Kings are but crown'd to fall deckt with a pompous infamy. *Agrone within.*

Ha! what dismall noyse beats that alarm  
To my guilty conscience? my affrighted blood retires,

And leaves my trembling arms  
Shaking like sapless branches at the Northern wind,

My feet the Basis of this tottering Pyramide  
Cleaves close unto the earth, whilst my erected hair

Stiffer then bristles of a Porcupise  
Stares in the face of Heaven: Oh I am thunderstruck.

*Enter Constantina and Thesbia severally.*

Ha! the easie stomach't earth vomits thee dead,

To tortors me; Am I environ'd round with Ghosts?

Conceal me ye good Heavens;  
Spread an eternall darkness ore the world,  
That very sprights may wander still in ignorance:

VVrap my affrighted soul in a defence  
Not to be pierc'd with apprehensions eye;  
Make me invisible or blind.

*Con.* Heavens cannot hide you from my just revenge

Without the forfeiture of goodness: Murder.  
Thar crying sin has like a power Spell  
Summon'd my scarce cold corps, not fully settled

In my latest urn, to appear again on earth,

And force an accusation of thy conscience.

*Ber.* Mount mount my soul, and with the swiftest winds (frighted Sun  
Fly to some unknowen Land, where the af-  
Nere yet durst enter, nor the amazed Heavens

Think on a place so horrid: where the corrupted ayre

Darts forth infection, & the ulcerous winds  
VVhiffs plagues to the inhabitants more loathsome (nell houses;

Than the stench breath from polluted char-  
Where death surfs his fatal arrow,

And each funerall Knell yeld by a dying Mandrake

Proves still the dirge of an ensuing frailty.  
Is there no Sanctuary for a guilty conscience?

Let me then sink, sink to the Center.  
Release those captive Gyants Heavens, that now groan— (cains

Under the heaveie weight of mighty Moun-  
Hurl *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, and *Olimpus* upon *Pelion*, (down

And all their fetters upon me, to press me  
Beyond the reach of Register: Let me not suffer

In their Annalls too, but let a sad mortality  
Of Remembrance ceaz all succeeding times,  
That I may fall forgotten. (*Bermuda?*

*Thes.* Is this the way to expiate thy crime  
Are prophaner wishes thy repentance? take Heed (not

Do not precipitate thy inclining ruine; Pull  
That hovering Justice on thy head, lest it fall  
No less than fatal. (forgive

*Ber.* Thou blest *Idaa* of a form divine,  
My rash devotion; entombe Revenge amongst those

Sacred Reliques, and let thy incensed ghost  
Sleep in its peacefull urne: oh be as mild as excellent: (sing horror,

Draw hence those looks, fill'd with such plea-  
And each succeeding day shall add  
New Trophees to thy mercie.

*Thes.* Thinkst thou my patient Ghost can rest in quiet, (the ruines

Whil't thy majestick cruelty tramples ore  
Of my lost honor? Can I behold thy ambitious mind (ous envie

Sweld higher with my sufferings, and no pi-  
Seek to abate thy triumph? shall wronged innocence

*G 2*

Unrevenged

Unrevenged lie, whilſt charity proclames it  
lawfull?

A crime unpuniſh'd is a virtue in the opinion  
Of the giddy multitude.

Ber. Let not miſconſtruing fools contract  
thoſe beams

VWhich in a bountious manner uſe to flow  
Even to the period of their luſtre.

No Mortalls force procur'd my hate :

I ſtill preſerv'd thee like a blooming Roſe,  
VVater'd thee with my choiſeſt ſtreams, and  
ſand thee

VWith my pleaſingſt gales, till envious fate  
Stole that delicious Bud, not fully ripened.

Theſ. Thou haſt foreſtall'd his office elſe;  
and like

A treacherous wretch to make my ruine  
ſeeme more horrid,

VWhen that my pamper'd Appetite lay  
bathing in felicity (deſtruction,  
Thou wouldeſt have thrown me headlong to  
There to die like to ſome harmeleſs Beaſt  
Fatted for ſlaughter. (was compell'd

Ber. It was devotion ſought thy ruine, I  
To play the Tyrant by Religion : and like  
A carefull Mariner in a ſtorm, to throw away  
A Gem, priz'd far beyond my Diadem,  
VVitneſs ye Heavens how oft my Zeal  
Suffer'd affections checks ; how oft my Love  
Held back my hand from ruining that come-  
ly Temple (now

VWhich I ſo admir'd, and ever muſt, though  
Imagination makes it horrid.

Theſ. Play not ſtill the Hypocrite ;

VWhy mention'ſt Love ? Did ever Love  
Pronounce ſo ſad a ſentence. (kneel

Ber. VVitneſs ye powers before whom I  
How dearly, dearly I did love thee ; And  
ſurely

Had not fate been ſo haſty, I had tug'd hard  
VVith my Religion to have ſav'd thee.

Enter Charaſtus, Brabantas, Speraxus, Fla-  
vanda, Fidelio, Viruſus, Arontas, Spa-  
datas, Attendants and Guard.

Cha. His own words condemn him:

Omnes. They do moſt mighty Prince, and  
we obey. (my throne

Cha. Love that ſo long has bar'd me from  
Once more reſeats me in my former dignity.  
Seiz on the Uſurper Guard.

Ber. Hands off, Rebellious Miſcreants,  
what unjuſt authority

Prophanes our ſacred perſon? Can *Scicilians*  
Grow ſo impious, to violate their Kings ?

Cha. The date of your ſupremacis is ex-  
pir'd ; your approaching end

Muſt put a ſatall period to your Tyranny :  
A Crown

Is off too pure a mettle to endure long

VWithin fo groſs a Mine.

Ber. Unheard of wickedneſs ! Heavens  
can you hear this,

And dart no quick conſuming plague into his  
treacherous boſome : (ſtill

VWhere be thoſe Lawes which we *Scicilians*  
Held as Religious orders ? where's Piety

And Allegiance, our ador'd *Penates*.

Cha. Here in this breſt: Long has Religion  
And my former vow maintain'd thy Tyranny :  
Long have I ſeen thy pompous heighth  
Grown riotous with my ruine, yet ſtill have  
flatter'd it

Without ambitious interruptions : No  
High ſwell'd thought has once deſir'd a re-  
poſſeſſion

Nor ever ſhould, had not thy love of him  
Declar'd a forfeiture. (irreligion :

Ber. Take not ſo poor a Covert for thy  
A Boyes chaſt Love forfeits no Diadem.

Theſ. Thus, that falſe title I renounce: thus  
I appear my ſelf, deckt with my virgins inno-  
cence ; *She diſcovers her ſelf.*  
Theſe bloſſes ſpeaks me woman Sir.

Ber. Am I outreacht in policy ? good Fate  
Send ſome inviſible dart, and kil me quickly,  
Shame will deceive thee of thy triumph elſe.

Spe. Be not aſham'd *Bermude* : It is an  
honor for to fall (itian

Thruſt by a Royall hand : A praetiſ'd Poli-  
No ignoble brain did work thy ruine.

Bra. Our revenge muſt thank thee *Theſbia*;  
Thou haſt diſſolv'd this maſs of Tyranny,  
And brought our long-loſt honors to their  
former luſtre :

We owe duty to thee for our ſecond birth,  
And ignorance muſt pay ingratitude, if you  
refuſe (freely

The reacceptance of that Crown beſtow'd ſo  
By your Liberality. I will not ſay *Viruſus*  
has deſert

Whoſe juſt heat may chalenge your affection,  
That were to extoll him beyond humane  
merit,

But I dare ſay though poor in worth



Hee's rich in his endeavors.

*Spe.* Her blushes do bewray her Love,  
which long ere this (revenge  
Had met its wish'd for happiness, Had not  
For my second *Fidelio* been too obstinate.  
The love of him made her forgoe her Coun-  
try, (dangers  
And on unknown Lands hazard these many  
In his search : She told it to me, when her  
Confessor.

Here take her *Virtus* as a Virgin Sacrifice,  
Pure as the timely blossome whose forward  
Zeal

Decks the arising Spring.

*Bra.* Ile make the harmony compleat :  
Thus from that cloyster which my timorous  
age (leaves thee ;  
Before design'd thee too, a parents care re-  
And with the same devotion confines thee to  
*Fidelio* ; (to Love,

Turn thy Repentance to obedience, thy zeal  
And all thy care into a seel'd constancy,  
That from the ruines of that chaster Temple  
A sacred Structure may erect it self, no less  
perspicuous.

*Spe.* May our Kingdoms joyn'd by this  
double concord

Like two flames of iacence shoot up still  
In one continued lustre, whil't our souls  
Peircht on their sparing glories  
Reach an immortality.

*Cha.* Can I yet live and see my life divided?  
Shall Hymeneall flames consume her Virgin  
Zone

And I stand by a vain Spectator : Patience  
Thou art a virtue.

*Fla.* What sad thought great King can in  
the midst

Of this solemnity draw such a veil ore that  
majestick splendor ? (shine  
Which in his perfect brightness ought to  
To the refreshing of your nummed Subjects.

*Cha.* The remembrance of my lost Sister,  
hangs like a clog (revenge.

Upon my soul ; yet prompts me forward to  
Can *Charastus* triumph whil't *Desdonella* lies  
In her eternall sleep, rockt with the pleasing  
Lullaby

Of falling waters ? Can I maintain a thought  
Tending to happiness, before Revenge  
Has quietly entomb'd her : first shall my rage  
Swell higher than the streams that buried  
her,

That all may perish with its inundation.

*Fla.* Rob not the Heavens *Charastus* o  
the honour (grateful  
Due for your happiness : can you be so in  
To their mercy, to let revenge  
Cheat them of their alacritie clam'd justly by  
their favors.

*Ber.* Stop not the current of his anger  
Let it flow. (gor

Here are no trembling barks that fear its vi  
Could he invent a torment which never ye  
His predecessors boasted of, my patience  
Should convert it into charity.

*Enter Desdonella and Halisdus.*

*Diana* ! amaze me not ye Heavens :  
Can she vouchsafe such favor unto him  
Who late abus'd her with immodesty ? my  
incredulry

Sins too much against her virtue : 'Tis she,  
The Ayr's perfum'd, the odoriferous clouds  
Fill'd with delicious spices distills to odors  
The fragrant flowers as she walks  
Offers their sweetest incence, and where she  
treads

The adoring grasse bows in a pious gratitude.  
Are ye all amaz'd ? why kneel ye not,  
And with a generall adoration entertain that  
Deity (Goddes

That freely comes to visit you ? Thus greatest  
My obedient soul submits with truest peni-  
tence,

I must confess I did abuse your presence  
With most prophane & unchast ceremonies,  
Yet I must say it was my Zeal,  
And the assurance of your clemency, that  
made me.

*Des.* Arise *Bermudo* : it is I must kneel ;  
Thus as a Subject to your power I bow  
But as a powerfull Subject thus I stand.  
If my supposed death has in your noble breast  
Kindled religious sparks, if *Desdonella's* fate  
Has mov'd your patience to Revenge,  
Calm your disturb'd thoughts ; See I live  
This shape is truly real.

*Cha.* My Sister *Desdonella*, more welcome  
than my immortality : (ness ?  
Unto what power shall I ascribe this happi-  
*Des.* I owe my life unto his curtesie ;  
He mock't *Bermudo's* Statutes with my feign-  
ed death,

Whil't in a Cave my melancholy Lute and I  
G 3 Flatter'd

Flatter'd each others misery.

*Cha.* Surely *Halisdus* thou wert born  
To make thy King ungratefull ; my joyes  
abound

To an unmeasur'd height, I fear they are  
Too vehement to last.

*Ber.* I am amaz'd ; my converted appetite  
Courts an unknown desire ; my fervent zeal  
Turns to a looser flame, and worships now  
The Temple for the Deity.

*Des.* Why now so strange *Bermudo* ?  
didst thou admire

The structure only for the builders sake ?  
Is it become less glorious in anothers right ?  
Can virtue vanish with a name.

*Ber.* No *Desdona* thy suppos'd divinity  
Made me perceive something that still is ex-  
cellent ;

All is not vanisht with those beams,  
The departed Sun leaves still a heat behind  
him. (weaker rayes

*Des.* But can that heat, cast from those  
Extract so full an adoration ? Canst thou but  
pay

A liking to its fervor, and not condemn it  
For the absent Sun ?

*Ber.* How impious were I should I hate  
that shape

Which I durst think *Diana* would inhabit ?  
When I condemn it, may my blood forget its  
motion, (soul.

My soul her faculties, and the Heavens my

*Cha.* On that condition take thy throne  
again.

Learn now to be a King, and rule with such  
pleasing majestie (vor,

That thy Subjects may sooner doubt thy fa-  
than fear thy anger.

*Ber.* This Councell might be welcome  
unto them

That do desire a Diadem ; But unto him  
That is already wearied with his weight,  
It is as vain as expent fencing unto Cowards,  
They may have skill, but dare not use it.

Yet, if you'll needs instruct my unwilling soul  
In that virtue which you only Sir are Master  
of,

Raign longer than, and let me learn by your  
example. (Affection ;

*Cha.* He must not raign that cannot rule  
If you refuse this favor, I shall suspect you  
Still to be a Tyrant, and not worthy of my  
Sister.

*Des.* Alas what means my Brother ?

*Cha.* To make thee Queen, and seat thee  
In the highest dignity, whilst I in Shepherds  
weeds

Learn to assuage desires. Nay weep not  
sweet *Flavanda*,

Perhaps thou dost suspect thou art a stranger  
to my heart,

But witness, oh ye Heavens, that what I do  
Proceeds from Love to thee ; Thee I will  
meditate,

And when I sleep my dreams shal fancie thee.  
Still I'll discourse of thee, and when the happy  
end (thee,

Has crown'd my studies that I truly know  
I shall have search't the deepest point of all  
Philosophie.

But you fair Princess whose conquering eye  
Has took a prisoner captive, and now boasts  
In the bare spoyle of anothers victory,  
You I must nere remember, but must  
As ill taught children learn to forget again  
What my greedy eye too soon conceived.

*Con.* Good Sir. (cy.

Make not me an accessory to your inconstan-  
Your hopes of me you see are vain,

*Hymen* has joyn'd our hearts already in a  
knot

Which naught can separate but death.

*Cha.* 'Tis true, fair Creature, you are His :  
Meet him with an ardent Love.

And from the Ashes of thy nicer chastity  
Let a tall Phoenix issue, whilst I  
In silent groves desire of Fate to dye.

*Fid.* Stay *Charastur*, Let not thy destruction  
Crown our wedding.

*Cha.* Let fortune then decide the contro-  
versie : Here

Take this sword, and plead thy title, a cause  
so just

Would make a Coward valiant :

*Fid.* But me a Coward.

*Cha.* Thy goodness has incen'st me ;  
Dost thou refuse the combat ? take heed  
Pull not a ruine on thee with thy virtue ; I  
am enrag'd.

My envious heart is tympaniz'd with anger.  
Hadst thou but offer'd to have fought at first,  
I then had left the combat, and with as much  
score

Had hated thy disloyalty, as now I emulate  
thy goodness.



Guard thy self.

*Hal.* Hold, Princes hold, Make not a Theater of the Temple :

Do not prophane this sacred place  
With an incestuous quarrell.

*Cha.* Incestuous ? Is love incestuous ?

*Hal.* Yes, of your sister.

*Cha.* I have no sister except *Desdonella*.

*Hal.* Pardon me great King if I unfold a secret.

Which never should have been reveal'd

Had not the fear of your destruction forc't me. (so long

*Cha.* If it be good, do not delay my joyes  
As I shall be in pardning thee.

*Hal.* You greatest Princes, I have injur'd most,

But yet I know your virtues to be such  
That I dispair not of a Pardon.

*Des.* Assure thy self there is no crime so horrid

But the remembrance of thy former goodness  
Will command a Pardon for.

*Hal.* Then thus *Brabantas* I restore thy Son

Took from thee in the late intestine wars  
When *Scicilies* three Monarchs like three meeting streams

Strove to convert each others Kingdom  
To their own Dominions.

*Bra.* I must confess in those inhumane broyls

When *Scicily* groaned with her civill wars,  
I lost a Son (Nurse

Who in his tender years was taken from his  
By the rough violence of a barbarous soldier.

*Hal.* I was that souldier that in hope of great reward

Took from the nurse that unresisting Babe  
And brought him here to *Lehybaus* to present  
The King with : But fortune, that seldom  
Crosses wicked men, then frown'd on me :  
For our tender Prince committed for the more security

To my loving wife, did with a fall  
From her too careless arms receive his death.

*Bra.* Oh most unhappy fate.

*Hal.* I then was forc't to turn my captive  
to a Prince again,

For in the room of dead *Charastus*  
I then plac't your Son, who hitherto  
Has liv'd our Sovereign, and ever should, Had

The fear of their approaching ruines told  
*Bra.* This happiness may be wish't for  
not obtain'd.

*Hal.* I could produce your Kingdom  
Arms

Wove on his Mantle, but this would be  
A shallow testimony to that I'll shew you.  
Look on his left wrist, there you may see  
The half Moon, from which *Lunaster* he was nam'd

If *Fames* Report be true.

*Bra.* It is most true ; He had his name  
from thence.

*Hal.* See Royall Sir, 'tis still preserv'd.

*Bra.* Do I yet live, and see my Son *Lunaster* ?

Fate thou art too bounteous : I cannot live  
To pay a due gratuity, an age will be too little

To express my joyes in.

*Cha.* Am I deceast that now my transmigrated soul

Seeks out a new inclosure ?

Tell me my name good Heavens, my Countrey too,

Who are my Kin, or rather who are not.  
All here I think do clame alliance.

Fairest *Constantina* my divining soul

Prompts me to call thee Sister : Be not prithee

Angry with my Love, I will no more  
Harbor incestuous flames, yet I will see thee still,

And keep a Brothers distance : you'll not be jealous Sir ?

*Fid.* I were injurious to her virtue then.

*Cha.* Nor you *Flavanda* ?

*Fla.* Let me dye hated first of all,

And have no tomb but malice.

*Cha.* I am not mortall sure, such joyes as these

Belong to immortality.

*Spe.* When three Kingdoms joyn, it is a Royall unity,

*Scicily* shall be no more *Trinacria* now

But one promontory whose soaring top

Stretch'd above th' insulting billows

Shall strike a terror to our foes, whilst we

Arm'd with their fear sleep in security:

*Vir.* Let not the loss dear Brother

Of this Kingdome trouble you ; wee'l haste unto *Pachynus*

And when that envious fate bereaves us of  
our father,  
Thou and I, will like the Zodiacks *Gemini*,  
Raign our alternate courses in that happy  
Kingdome.

*Con.* Yet I must ruinate that happines:  
It is I *Virusus* that must disenthron thee.  
*So Apollo said.*

*Cha.* No dearest Sister, I am  
That Brother that *Apollo* meant; my crown  
Already thou hast lost, my Love to thee has  
lost it.

Hadst thou been less fair, less constant to *Filio*,

And more kind to me, I still had raign'd;  
This nere had been divulg'd; Hadst *Hal-*  
*lisdus*?

*Hal.* Never Sir. Tortures should nere  
have forc't it  
From me.

*Cha.* The Oracle is fulfill'd then. Let all  
fears vanish.

Heavens knew a Crown was not my due,  
That made me sure so willing for to part  
with't.

I am glad tis gon so fairly, and I am confi-  
dent

There's none, knew he the cares, the troubles,  
The perplexed thoughts and dangers that  
attends

A good Kings throne, but he would resign  
As willingly as I do, did not his calling,  
And his shame forbid it. That Kingdom  
Which my ignorance so long usurpt, returns  
to thee *Bermudo*,

'Tis *Desdonella's* right, she is the richer  
Jewell.

Be once a man again, and from the ruines  
Of thy pristine Tyranny, build a most glo-  
rious Structure

To reach Heaven; Let not thy former cru-  
elty

Make thee despair; who would aspire  
Ought first to fall, that he may rise the  
higher.

*Ber.* Come dearest *Desdonella*, too long  
I have practis'd Tyranny;

Mercy hereafter shall become my study. For  
now I see

Our lives are but a Scene, a Scene that  
changes

At the will and pleasure of the Author;  
We are all but Actors and do take

Each severall day a severall part; This day  
We personate a King, the next a Beggar.

This is our course of life which varies still,  
till Death

The closer up of all comes in and clean  
Puts out the Tapers, and withdraws the  
Scene.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.



